

The Corsair.

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K A T E .

FROM LAKE WALLENSTADT, SWITZERLAND.

BY ALFRED DOMETT.

Lonely, as a place enchanted,
Lies the lake, in silence deep;
Round, as warrior chiefs undaunted,
Watch some throneless queen asleep,
Stand the cliffs in stern array—
Fissured piles of strata grey,
By the water worn away.
Your large eyes would larger grow
At their monstrous forms, I know,
With a solemn joy elate,
Were you here, my bonny Kate!

Far above, their blue tops soar,
Spire and tower in outline bold,
All beset with snow-streaks hoar,
Solemn, lonely, bright and cold!
There the soft clouds, as they rove,
Pause—and stooping from above
Kiss the crests they seem to love!
You would deem them spirits fair,
Playing each one with the hair,
Of its giant warrior mate,
Were you here, my lively Kate!

Black upon the slopes so green,
Swarm the arrow-headed pines;
Here, like troops with steady mien,
Who, in ordered squares and lines,
Wait attack, with vantage good:
There, like foragers pursued
By a peasant multitude,
In close flight they seem to press
Up the hill, till we could guess
Which their stronghold, what their fate,
Were you here, my winsome Kate!

Balanced on the mountain side,
High in dizzy loneliness,
Oft a daring pine is spied,
Like a cragsman in distress,
Where all footing seems to end,
Doubtful, which way next to wend,
If to mount or to descend!
Empty air around, beneath,
It would take away your breath
That sheer depth to calculate,
Were you here, my gentle Kate!

Now the gliding vessel passes,
Cascades all around us dashing;
Some in downward-pointed masses,
Densely smoking, fiercely flashing!
Some upon the slopes recline
Like fixed veins of silver fine,
As the net-work spiders twine;
Others hang like new-combed fleeces,
Ribb'd across in wavy creases!
You could ne'er your gazing sate,
Were you here, my fine-nerved Kate!

Overhead the clouds float by—
But can scarce their way pursue.
For the tall cliffs touch the sky;
Look! from its intensest blue
Comes a snowy cascade slipping,
O'er successive ledges tripping—
'Tis a white-winged angel stepping
Down from heaven! Oh, you would prize

Those serenely glowing eyes,
That sweet smile compassionate,
Were you here my deep-souled Kate!

Faintly sing the thrushes, hark!
For in yonder air-hung grove;
Pouring bolder notes the lark
Dots the azure up above!
Lavishly his lays he flings
All around, and as he sings,
Spreads and folds his trembling wings
With uneasy motion, quite
Thrilled, convulsed, with his delight!
You would sing with joy as great,
Were you here, my sweet-voiced Kate!

By the ashy rocks below,
Mark, a hermit-fisher grey,
How the heron to and fro
Slowly flaps his stealthy way!
Though alit, his long wings see
Still are flapping, as though he
Poised himself unsteadily;
Then unmoving as the rocks
Which in hue so well he mocks,
Where he is, you scarce could state,
Were you here, my bright-eyed Kate!

Oft the beetling ramparts ape
Gothic gables quaintly plann'd;
Oft seem faced with many a shape
Carved by ancient Coptic hand!—
Watchful, 'mid the trees aloof
Dark-red chalets, weatherproof,
With projecting shadowy roof,
Seem to hint how well you may
In this tranquil Eden stay:—
What desire would they create,
Were you here, my pensive Kate!

Some depressed to see all kindness
Sunk in ruthless rage for gold
Sick of party's cherished blindness,
Thus their wishes might unfold:
Here, with joys unknown to riot,
Sound repose and simple diet,
Books, and love, and thoughtful quiet,
One might dream a life away,
Always cheerful, often gay!
You would wish for no such fate,
Were you here, my wiser Kate!

Well you know, though Nature waste
Wonders here no words can frame,
Custom dulls the keenest taste,
Use makes even wonders tame!
Leisure has a leaden wing,
Happiness, where'er it spring,
Always is an active thing;
And whatever it profess,
Solitude is selfishness,—
Homely truths would have their weight,
Were you here, my thoughtful Kate!

Then our dear and noble land
Would present to memory's eye,
If no hills, no rocks so grand,
Hearts as firm and minds as high!
Nature never has designed
Aught so wondrous as the mind
Of mysterious humankind!
You would know where mind is flashing
Rapid as the cascade dashing!
You would bless your home, your state,
Were you here, my English Kate!

THE GARTER.

A ROMANCE OF NATIONAL HISTORY.

BY HENRY NEELE.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

England resumed her ascendancy over Scotland soon after Edward the Third had commenced that brilliant reign, which was destined to attract the eyes of all Europe towards him. Nature and fortune seemed to have concurred in distinguishing this prince from all other monarchs. He was very tall, but well shaped: and of so noble and majestic an aspect, that

his very looks commanded esteem and veneration. His conversation was easy, and always accompanied with gravity and discretion. He was affable and obliging, benevolent and condescending; and although the most renowned prince, warrior, and statesman, of the age in which he lived, his manners and conduct were courteous, unaffected, and even humble. His heart, filled with visions of glory, was as yet ignorant of a passion which few men knew how to combat; young Edward was unacquainted with love. He only aspired to resume those conquests which had escaped from the feeble grasp of his unhappy father. He burned with the desire of subjecting a neighbouring kingdom, the conquest of which had ever been a favourite project of England. Robert Bruce was in his grave; and his successor, although he inherited his courage, did but hasten the destruction of the Scottish monarchy.

The English monarch was served by men who were worthy of their master. William Montacute had fought, with distinction and success, against the French and Scots, and raised by the king to the rank of Earl of Salisbury, he desired nothing but the continuance of his sovereign's favour; which Edward confirmed, by engaging the Baron de Grandison, one of his ministers, to give his eldest daughter to him in marriage.

Katharine de Grandison had not yet appeared at court, but lived in seclusion and solitude at her father's castle, in Gloucestershire. To a tall and stately form, she added the most sylph-like grace and lightness of figure. Her features were perfect symmetry, and her face was exquisitely fair; her eyes of an intense blue, and her voice rich, powerful, and melodious. The accomplishments, both mental and acquired, with which she was endowed, were of as high an order as those of her person: and to both, she united a sweetness and gentleness of disposition, which made her the idol of all who were acquainted with her.

Her father, the Lord de Grandison, was of a lofty and imperious character. Neither very mild or amiable, he had a stern and inflexible spirit of justice and probity. Incapable of sycophancy, although he resided at court, and adoring his sovereign without being able to degrade himself to the rank of a flatterer, he would gladly have sacrificed his life for the king, but his honour was dearer even to him than Edward. Next to the monarch and the state, the object to which he was most attached was his daughter; and he lost no time in acquainting Katharine with the wishes of his master, who demanded her hand for the Earl of Salisbury. The father did not observe the daughter's emotion, but retired, convinced that he should be obeyed. He had, however, not long quitted the apartment before her youngest sister, Alice, entered it, and found her bathed in tears.

"Sweet sister!" said Alice, "what mean those tears?"

"Alas!" returned the Lady Katharine, "I am no longer to be mistress of myself. Thy love, and my father's protection, were all I wished to form my happiness; and I am now about to pass under the yoke of a husband whom I have never seen, nor ever wish to see."

It was in vain that Alice endeavoured to impress on her sister's mind the advantages which would attend her union with King Edward's favourite.

"It is true," she replied, "that the Earl of Salisbury stands high in the favour of the greatest monarch in Europe. But hast thou ever seen the king, Alice? Is he not worthy of the homage of all mankind? Lives there any one who can so irresistibly command our respect, our veneration, our love? I behold him but once, at an entertainment to which my father accompanied me; but one glance was sufficient! Oh! how happy will that princess be who calls him husband!"

At these words the young lady paused, and blushed; yet, notwithstanding such very unpromising symptoms, the day for the nuptials was immediately fixed, as the old lord never dreamed of asking his daughter if his own and the king's choice were agreeable to her. The Abbey of Westminster was chosen for the celebration; the primate performed the ceremony—the king gave away the bride, and Katharine, accompanied by her husband and her sister, proceeded to spend the honeymoon at the earl's castle of Wark, in Northumberland. His lordship had not, however, many weeks enjoyed the society of his beautiful wife, before he was summoned to attend the Earl of Suffolk on a warlike expedition to Flanders; on which occasion his usual good fortune, for the first time, forsook him. Both the Earls were defeated in the first battle in which they engaged, and were sent prisoners to the court of France, until they could be ransomed or exchanged.

This piece of intelligence was communicated to the lady Katharine at the same time with another, by which she learned that King Edward had been solemnly betrothed to the Lady Philippa, of Hainault. The treaty for the marriage gave general and unmixed pleasure to all his subjects; the Count of Hainault, the lady's father, being one of the most powerful allies of England on the continent, who had been mainly instrumental in rescuing it from the tyranny of Mortimer, Earl of March, and the old Queen Isabella, and thus securing the crown for Edward the Third. The Lord de Grandison, in particular, was delighted by the prospect of a union between the houses of England and Hainault; but no sooner was this news communicated to the Countess of Salisbury, than she was overwhelmed with the most poignant sorrow; whether the earl's captivity, or the king's marriage, had the greatest share in causing it, we must leave our fair readers to determine.

"Why, my sweet Katharine," said Alice, "why do you take the earl's captivity so much to heart? The Court of France must be the most agreeable prison in the world; there he will find every thing to solace him in his misfortunes, and enable him to sustain his separation from you."

"Let him forget me—let him cease to love me—'tis no matter!" sighed the countess.

"You deceive me, Katharine," said Alice; "you conceal something from me, for it is impossible that the capture which has placed your lord in the hands of generous foes, can be the occasion of so deep a grief as yours."

"True, true, my sweet Alice," said the countess, throwing herself in her sister's arms, "I am the most wretched of women; I love—"

"The earl," said Alice.

"The king!" said Katharine, hiding her face in her sister's bosom.

"Ha!" said the latter, "what is't I hear! I am your friend, your sister, and would fain administer to your peace; but whither will this fatal passion lead you?"

"To death! sweet Alice! to death! or, at least, to a life made miserable by the consciousness of nursing in my heart a sentiment, to which honour and virtue are alike opposed. And I have a rival, Alice! oh! save me, save me from myself! speak to me of Salisbury, of my husband, of his renown, his truth, his valour! and I will forget this king, whose conquests cannot be bounded by France and Scotland, but must include even the affections of his subjects."

The heart of Katharine was tender and susceptible, but bold and firm; and in the society of her sister, and in the active discharge of the various duties devolving upon her elevated rank, she endeavoured to repress that fatal passion which the recent intelligence had strengthened to a height almost bordering upon insanity.

In the mean time, King Edward openly declared war against the Scots; who, instead of waiting to be attacked, resolved to become the assailants, and, with a large army invaded England; ravaged the northern counties, attacked Newcastle, took and burned the city of Durham; and, finally, laid siege to Wark Castle, which was left to the defence of the Countess of Salisbury, Sir William Montacute, the son of her husband's sister, and a very slender garrison. This heroic lady, however, by her beauty and firmness inspired all with courage and devotion to her cause; though the assault of the enemy was too fierce and unrelenting for them to hope long to defend the castle, without assistance from King Edward; which Sir William Montacute volunteered to obtain.

"I know your loyalty and heartiness towards the lady of this house," said the gallant knight to the beleaguered garrison, "and so, out of my love for her and for you, I will risk my life in endeavouring to make the king acquainted with our situation; when I doubt not to be able to bring back with me such succour as will effectually relieve us."

This speech cheered both the countess and her defenders; and at midnight Sir William left the fortress, happily unobserved by the Scots. It was so pitiless a storm that he passed through their army without being noticed, until about daybreak, when he met two Scotsmen, half a league from their camp, driving thither some oxen. These men Sir William attacked and wounded severely, and then said to them, "Go and tell your king that William Montacute has passed through his troops, and is gone to seek succour from the King of England, who is now at Berwick;" which intelligence being speedily communicated to the King of Scotland, he lost no time in raising the siege, and retreating towards the frontiers.

Within a very few hours, King Edward arrived to the relief of the garrison, and proceeded to pay his respects to the countess, who went to meet him at the castle gates, and there gave him her thanks for his assistance. They entered the castle hand in hand, and the king kept his eyes so continually upon her, that the gentle dame was quite abashed; after which, he retired to a window, where he fell into a profound reverie; and, as Froissart tells us, upon the countess inquiring the subject of his thoughts, and whether it was public business on which he mused, the king replied,

"Other affairs, lady, touch my heart more nearly; for, in truth, your perfections have so surprised and affected me, that my happiness depends on my meeting from you a return to that love with which my bosom burns, and which no refusal can extinguish."

"Sire," replied the countess, "do not amuse yourself by laughing at me, for I cannot believe that you mean what you have just said; or, that so noble and gallant a prince would think of dishonouring me or my husband, who now is in prison on your account."

The lady then quitted the king; who, after passing the whole of the day, and a restless and sleepless night, at the castle, at dawn the next morning departed in chase of the Scots. Upon taking leave of the countess, he said,

"Dearest lady, God preserve you! Think well of what I have said, and give me a kinder answer."

Her reply to which solicitation was, however, similar to all the former: though Edward would have been amply revenged for the rejection of his suit, had he possessed the keen eyes of Alice de Grandison, for to their piercing scrutiny her sister's heart, with all the storm of passions by which it was agitated, was laid entirely open.

"Alice," she said, "it is true I do not love alone! Edward returns my fatal passion. But my mind is fixed. I will behold him no more; would to heaven that my husband were here!"

As she uttered these words, the countess sunk into the arms of Alice, and at that moment she received a letter from the earl. "Heaven be praised!" said she, "Salisbury is on his return, and his arrival will alike prevent the king and me from nursing a sentiment which ought to be stifled in its birth."

Upon the old Lord de Grandison's arrival on a visit to his daughter, he observed the profound sorrow in which she was plunged. "But rejoice, Katharine," said he, "your husband will soon be here. By an arrangement between King Edward and the courts of France and Scotland, he has been exchanged for the Earl of Moray. Check then, this immoderate grief, Salisbury has suffered defeat, but it is without disgrace."

The countess felt all the pangs of conscious guilt, when she heard her father attribute her grief to the absence of her husband. "Oh! my father," she said, when left to her own painful thoughts, "even thee, too, do I deceive; I am the betrayer of all who surround me, and dare I meet the gaze of Salisbury! Alas! my misfortune and my crime are traced in indelible characters on my brow."

Edward, on his return to his capital, though surrounded by dazzling splendour and enticing pleasures, could not chase from his mind the image of the countess; and, unable any longer to bear her absence, he wrote to the Lord de Grandison, commanding him to bring his daughter to court, for the purpose of awaiting the speedy arrival of her husband. "My

father," said she, as soon as the old lord had communicated to her the royal command, "will not the earl come hither to me?"

"Katharine!" answered De Grandison, "the slightest wishes of the king it is our imperative duty to obey."

"My lord, if you knew—I am a stranger to the capital; does it not abound with dangers? Is there not—"

"Nay, nay, my child; you have wisdom, education, and virtuous example to protect you. Once more your father and king command you; and you must accompany me."

De Grandison then made the necessary preparations for his own return to the metropolis; and the countess, under the pretext of indisposition, was able to delay her own journey but for a short period. News from her father, however, speedily informed her of her husband's arrival; and this was quickly followed by a letter from Salisbury himself, full of the most passionate expressions of attachment, and urging her immediate presence. To both these she answered by a plea of continued illness; and to the latter, added an earnest entreaty that her lord would himself come to Wark Castle, where she had matter of importance to communicate to him; being resolved to explain the cause of her reluctance to visit London, and, confidentially to acquaint the earl with the solicitations of the king.

This latter letter had remained unanswered for a considerable time; and the countess feared that she had given offence to both her husband and father, when at length a messenger arrived from London. The countess snatched the packet from his hand, and eagerly perused it; it was from her father, and ran thus:

"My dearest Daughter,

"The moment has arrived when you must arm yourself with all that fortitude which you have inherited from me. True grandeur resides in our own souls; that which we derive from fortune vanishes with the other illusions of which this life is compounded. You were anxiously expecting your husband; and he was about to receive further honours from his master; but the King of kings has decreed that Salisbury should not live to enjoy the bounty of his monarch. A sudden illness has just removed him from this world.

"Your affectionate father, DE GRANDISON.

The decease of the Earl of Salisbury was deeply lamented by the countess. Gallant, generous, and affectionate, he had won her esteem; and had she had an opportunity of knowing him longer, might have gained her love. Her delicacy, too, loaded her with self-reproaches, from which she did not attempt to escape; and made her feel the loss she had sustained still more acutely.

"I will repair my crime," said she; "I will revenge the manes of Salisbury. The king, although affianced, and by proxy espoused, to Philippa of Hainault, will renew his suit to me; but he shall learn that esteem and duty are sometimes as powerful as love itself."

By the death of the gallant Earl, King Edward found himself deprived of one of the main supports of his crown, and he regretted him not less as a useful citizen, of whom the nation was justly proud, than as a loyal servant, who was sincerely attached to his master. Love, nevertheless, mingled with the king's regrets; since he could not but be sensible that he was now without a rival; and that the countess was free from a constraint, which had hitherto separated them from each other. The Earl died without children; and the law compelled his widow to renounce the territorial possessions which were attached to the title, and which now reverted to the crown. This event, therefore, rendered her presence in London unavoidable; and, on her arrival in the metropolis, her father, desirous to relieve her from the melancholy in which she was plunged, wished to introduce her at court, and present her to the king. This proposal, however, met her firm refusal.

"What is it that you propose to me, my lord?" said she, "ere these mourning habiliments are well folded round me, would you have me parade them in solemn mockery at the foot of the throne? Never! Leave me, I conjure you, my lord; leave me to solitude and despair."

De Grandison wished not to constrain the inclinations of his daughter; and upon communicating the reasons of her absence, the king affected to be satisfied with them. He had, however, communicated his passion to Sir William Trussell, one of the most artful intriguers and insinuating sycophants about his court; who, anxious only to secure his place in the king's favour, had encouraged him in the prosecution of this amour, and even violence, should it be necessary towards the attainment of his object.

"The ingrate!" said the king, when he found himself alone with Trussell, "she refuses me even the innocent gratification of beholding her. I ask but an interview; I wish but to look upon her beauty; and she refuses to grant me even this niggardly boon, for all that she has made me suffer."

"My liege," said Trussell, "it is compromising your honour and your dignity, to submit to such audacity. The daughter of De Grandison ought to feel but too much flattered that King Edward deigns to bestow a glance, or a thought upon her. Her husband is in the tomb; she is free from all restraint; and you have tendered your love; what is it that she opposes to your offer? Her virtue! is not obedience virtue? Is not compliance the first duty of subjects to their sovereign? My liege, this daughter of De Grandison hides intrigue under the name of virtue. Your grace has a rival."

"Ha!" said Edward, while his lip quivered, and his whole gigantic frame trembled like an aspen leaf; "By heaven, thou hast it, Trussell! Fool that I was to feign that reserve for which this haughty minion now despises me! Fly to her, then; demand an audience, and command her to appear at court; tell her that I will brook no answer but compliance."

Trussell hastened to execute the monarch's orders; and the king, left to himself, began to ponder on the course which he was pursuing.

"I have yielded, then," said he, "to the fiend's suggestions; and thus abased myself to a level with the weakest and most despicable of mankind. I am preparing to play the tyrant with my subjects, and my first

victim is an unhappy woman, whose only crime is the obstinacy with which she repels my unworthy addresses. Hither," he added, clapping his hands, and immediately one of his pages stood before him; "hasten after Sir William Trussell; bid him attend me instantly."

"Trussell," said the king, as he returned equipped for the errand he was about to undertake, "I have consulted my heart; I have held communion with myself; and I have learned that it befits not Edward of England to employ force or artifice to achieve the conquest of the heart of Katharine; I will vanquish her obstinacy by other means."

"What, my liege?" said Trussell, "will you then submit—"

"To any thing, rather than suffer the Countess of Salisbury to accuse me of despotism."

"In your grace's place—" said Trussell.

"In my place," interrupted Edward, "you would act as I do: I wish to show that I possess the soul, as well as the station of a king. Katharine of Salisbury shall not be the victim of my caprice. Go; and, in future, give me only such counsel as shall be worthy of us."

The king congratulated himself on this heroic effort; and it was one which cost him many pangs; nor was the countess without her struggles and her anxieties; for, while the image of her lost husband was hourly becoming more effaced from her heart, that of the king was more deeply engraven there than ever. She received many letters from him, but answered none; and the pride of the royal lover began to take fire again at the neglect and contumely with which his mistress treated his addresses; whilst Trussell used every means of nourishing this feeling, and of insinuating that both the father and daughter were anxious only to enhance the price at which the virtue of the latter was to be bartered.

De Grandison, who began to think that his daughter carried her grief for her husband to an immoderate height, now remonstrated with her, somewhat impetuously, on her absence from the court.

"Do you think," said he, "that I will willingly behold you in a state of eternal widowhood? or that I will suffer you to fail in the respect and duty which we owe the king? Is there a monarch in the world so worthy of his subjects' love?"

"Alas!" said the countess, "who can feel more deeply than I do, how much we are indebted to him. But take care, my father, that he performs the contract for which his royal word and your own are irrevocably given. See that he weds, and that speedily, Philippa de Hainault."

"Wherefore should I doubt that he will do so?" said De Grandison. "Is he not pledged in the face of all Europe, to become her husband? and was I not the bearer of his promise to the Earl of Hainault to that effect?"

"He will never wed her, my father," said the countess; "you are yourself witness that from day to day he defers the marriage, on the most frivolous pretexts."

"Nay, nay, sweet Katharine," said the old lord, "wherefore should you take so much interest in this marriage? This is but a stratagem to put me from my suit. I am going this evening to attend the king, so you must accompany me."

"Pardon me, my dearest father, pardon me, but I cannot go."

"I entreat, I command you," said De Grandison. "I have too long permitted your disobedience, and now—"

"Father! behold me a suppliant on my knees before you; defer but for a few days, defer this visit to the court, and then I will obey you."

"What means this emotion, Katharine?" said her father, "I find it difficult to refuse you any thing. Do not forget, however, that the delay which I grant must be but a short one, in three days you must accompany me."

This interview, however, which the baron had been unable to effect, either by his commands or his entreaties, he at last managed to accomplish by a stratagem. He persuaded his daughter to consent to accompany him to a masked ball, to which she had been invited by the Countess of Suffolk, at her seat, a few miles distant from London; and the fair and noble widow no sooner made her appearance among the assembled company, than every eye was fixed upon her. Her tall and stately, yet graceful figure, glided down the rooms like a visitant from another sphere, when an unfortunate accident completely disconcerted her. A mask, richly dressed, had long followed her through all the apartments; when, as she was endeavouring with some embarrassment to escape from his pursuit, by hurrying to a vacant seat, her garter dropped upon the floor; the mask eagerly stooped down and seized it, and she, as eagerly, instantly demanded its restoration.

"Nay, gentle madam," said he, "this is a prize too precious to be lightly parted with, and I—"

"Dis-courteous knight," said the lady, "know you whom you treat with so much indignity?" and at these words, she removed the mask from her face, hoping thus to awe her persecutor into acquiescence. Her surprise, however, was equal to that of any one present, when her tormentor, removing his own visor, discovered the features of King Edward. The lady sank on her knees before the monarch, and the whole company followed her example.

"Behold!" cried the king, holding up the ravished garter, "a treasure, of the possession of which I own myself unworthy; yet I will not part with it for any ransom wealth or power can offer."

An ill-suppressed burst of laughter followed this speech.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*" exclaimed the king, "Laugh on, my lords and gentlemen! but in good time the merriest of ye, ay, and the greatest sovereigns of Europe, shall be proud to wear this garter."

Thus saying, the king whispered a few words to the countess, which seemed to occasion her considerable embarrassment; and then, making a lowly obeisance, left the apartment.

The declaration which he had that night made, he shortly afterwards accomplished, by instituting the far renowned order of the Garter; which, with the ceremonies and entertainments consequent upon it, for sometime occupied the almost undivided attention of King Edward. His love for the Countess of Salisbury was, however, now openly avowed; and the

arrival of the Princess Philippa, to whom he had already been married by proxy, was delayed in consequence of his not sending the necessary escort. The people soon began to murmur at this delay, since not only the honour of the king, but of the nation also, was concerned in keeping faith with the Count of Hainault, whose alliance was of such vital importance to the interests of England. It was at this juncture, that the Lord de Grandison presented himself to the king, and demanded a private audience.

"I have letters, my liege," said the baron, from the Count of Hainault, who bitterly complains of the delay in executing the treaty, with the conclusion of which your grace was pleased to honour me."

At these words, the king changed colour, which the baron was not slow in observing, as he continued, "Wherefore my liege, should this intelligence displease you? I perceive in your glance traces of dislike towards this union, which all England expects with such impatience."

"De Grandison," said Edward, "kings are formed of the same materials as other men. They have hearts, and mine is consumed by a passion which makes me sensible that rank and power are not happiness."

"What, my liege! have your eyes betrayed your heart to another object? Can you forswear your royal word!—Honour, fame, policy, all forbid it; all conspire to hasten your marriage with the Lady Philippa."

"If you knew the beauty of my own court who has inspired my passion, my lord, you would not press this subject."

"I know nothing but your grace's interest and honour," said De Grandison. "Pardon my frankness, but there can be no motive to occasion any further delay."

"No motive, Lord de Grandison?" said Edward, and he sighed. "Alas! I see that age has chilled your blood, and frozen up your heart."

"My liege, I burn more than ever with devotion to your service. If this marriage be not solemnized, and speedily, you will offend a powerful prince, to whom you are indebted for many benefits and also disappoint the fond hopes of a loyal people. You forget yourself, my liege; remember that you are King of England! I speak to Edward, who, stripped even of the splendours of royalty, should still be worthy of the respect and admiration of mankind."

"We shall see, my Lord de Grandison," said the king; "but now leave me, leave me."

The old baron had no sooner left Edward, than the king summoned Trussell to an audience, and informed him of his recent interview, and of its unfavourable result, adding, "I wished to speak to him of his daughter, and of my love for her; but I know not wherefore, I was unable to explain myself. There is a fierce inflexibility about that old man, which irritates me. I reverence, and yet I fear him."

"And is your grace deceived by this De Grandison's affectation of inflexibility and virtue? Believe me, my liege, that they both have their price, although it is somewhat an extravagant one. But suffer me to undertake your grace's suit, and I will so manage it, that the baron himself shall be the first to give the lovely countess to your arms."

Upon leaving the king, Trussell speedily sought and found the baron alone in his apartment perusing and sighing over his despatches from the Count of Hainault. De Grandison had that instinctive aversion for his visitor, which was natural to a mind like his; still he could not refuse to listen to a messenger from the king; and Trussell accordingly called up all the resources of an artful genius to explain the object of his visit, with as much delicacy as possible. The old lord listened with a cold and disdainful attention, till the conclusion of his harangue, and then replied, "Sir William Trussell, you explain yourself very clearly. The king loves my daughter, and you come to persuade me to use my influence in inducing her to yield to his grace's wishes."

"Nay, nay, my lord," said Trussell, "your lordship misconceives me. I spoke merely of management, of modes of conduct to be observed by your lordship and the countess. You have been more than fifty years a courtier, my lord, and I cannot be speaking a language which you do not understand. It is for your lordship, therefore, to decide what answer I shall bear to the king."

"I will bear it myself, Sir William," said De Grandison, "and that instantly."

"You cannot mean it, my lord!" said Trussell.

"Any further conversation between us," said De Grandison, "is quite unnecessary. His grace shall shortly see me."

Scarcely was the unhappy father relieved from the presence of Trussell, than he sank upon a seat in a state of distraction. "This, then, was Edward's reason for desiring the presence of my daughter, and he would —! But he is incapable of such baseness; it is that villain Trussell who has corrupted the princely current of his thoughts and feelings; or can my daughter be acquainted with the king's weakness? Can Katharine be an accomplice in this amour? If but in thought she has dishonoured these gray hairs —!" His look grew black as midnight, as he grasped his sword and rushed from the apartment.

The interview with his daughter at once removed the most painful of the old man's suspicions, and with an anxious but determined heart, he then presented himself before the king.

"Welcome, my Lord de Grandison," said the monarch; my good friend, Trussell, has revealed to you the precious secret of my heart; and you come to tell me I have not relied in vain upon your friendship and your loyalty; your daughter —"

"I have just left her, my liege; and she has laid open her whole heart to me."

"And she hates me?" said the king impatiently.

"The most dutiful and loyal of your grace's subjects. Katharine offers you a homage the most respectful and profound. But she is the daughter of De Grandison; she is the widow Salisbury; and that neither of those names have yet been tainted with dishonour, is a truth which the King of England needs least of all men to be reminded."

"What have I heard?" said the King.

"Truth, my liege, truth; to whose accents your minions would close

your ears, but whom you hear speaking by my mouth. My daughter is not fitted for the rival of the Princess of Hainault; and to be — if I offend, my liege, my head is at your grace's disposal. I have finished my course, and shall soon be no longer in a condition to serve you. Why, then, should I care for the few days which nature might yet permit me to live? At least I shall die with the assurance, that my daughter will cherish the memory of her father, and of his honour. Dispose of me as you please, my liege; you are master."

"Yes, traitor!" answered Edward: "and I would be your protector and your friend; but you compel me to exhibit myself only as your sovereign. Instantly command your daughter's presence here, or prepare yourself for a lodging in the Tower!"

"The Tower, my liege," replied De Grandison; "I will hasten thither with as much alacrity as I interposed my shield between your grace's breast, and the arrow which was pointed at it, on the field of battle."

"Audacious traitor!" said the monarch, "away with him to the tower!" De Grandison was immediately hurried off, closely guarded: and at that moment, Sir Neele Loring, a gallant knight, who was one of the first invested with the order of the Garter, rushed into the royal presence, exclaiming, "What have I beheld, my liege?"

"The punishment due to outraged majesty," replied the king.

"Nay, nay, my liege; wherefore deprive your old and faithful servant of his liberty? and for what crime? can it be King Edward to whom I am speaking? Can it be Edward who would load the limbs of old De Grandison with fetters? But you relent,—your grace remembers—"

At that instant Trussell entered: "My liege, De Grandison vents his anger in violence and threats; he would write to his daughter, but I have denied him permission so to do."

"You hear, Sir Neele," said the king, "the old traitor indulges in threats towards our royal person; but I am weary of your boldness, Sir Knight; I am the King of England, and my subjects shall obey me."

The bold knight had no sooner disappeared, than the Countess of Salisbury presented herself. Pale and trembling, with dishevelled locks and streaming eyes, but still surpassingly beautiful, the lovely Katharine threw herself at the king's feet.

"Sire! Sire!" she shrieked, "give me back my father!"

A blush of self-reproach mantled on the brow of Edward, as he extended his hand, and raised the lovely suppliant from her knees. "Pardon, madam," said he, "pardon the acts to which a lover's despair drives him. Remember that the first sight of you kindled in my breast a flame which I stifled during the lifetime of your gallant husband. Salisbury, Heaven assuage his soul! is now in his grave; and yet now, when I acquaint you with my sufferings and my hopes, you answer me only with your reproaches and tears."

"My tears, my liege, are all that remain to me for my defence; and yet they touch you not."

"Say'st thou that they touch me not? Is it for you, sweet Katharine, to doubt your empire over my heart? I am no longer able to impose laws on that passion which you repay with ingratitude."

"I am no ingrate, most dread sovereign," replied the countess; "but, my liege, can I, ought I, to forget that my aged father is in fetters?"

"They shall be broken," said the king. "He shall resume his station as my best trusted counsellor, and his daughter—"

"Forbear, my liege, to finish what you would say. I speak not of his daughter."

"Then her father—Katharine—"

"My father can but die, sire; what right have I, my liege, to entertain your grace's love, when the Princess of Hainault is waiting to take her seat beside you upon the throne of England. But, release my father, and I will wander from your presence, where the sight of the unhappy Katharine never more shall trouble you. Restore my father to me, and we will be gone from hence for ever!"

"No, adorable Katharine!" said the king; "your father shall be free; and you shall still know your sovereign your lover, and see him worthy of your love."

Thus saying, he left the countess alone in the Presence Chamber, where she remained a considerable time, much wondering at his behaviour, and suffering great uneasiness of mind. At length Sir Neele Loring approached, and sinking on his knee before her, said, "Madam, permit me to conduct you to the place which the king's commands have assigned for you."

The countess, much troubled and trembling, silently gave the knight her hand, and traversed with him a vast suite of splendid apartments, until they at length arrived at a door, which opening led into a magnificent saloon, where she beheld Edward seated on his throne, surrounded by his courtiers; all of whom, and even the sovereign himself, were decorated with the insignia of the Garter. Upon her entrance, the king rushed towards her, and with one hand taking hold of hers, with the other placed the crown upon her head.

"Approach, dearest lady!" said he, "and share the throne of the King of England, and the homage of his subjects. Become my consort, my Queen. Beauty, truth, and virtue, call you to the throne; and in placing you there, I equally fulfil my own wishes and those of my people. They will applaud my choice, for it is worthy of me. Your father is free, and both to him and you will I repair the injustice which I have committed."

"Beauty, my liege," said Sir Neele Loring, "was made to reign, for it was man's first sovereign."

The countess, overwhelmed with the suddenness of her surprise, was scarcely able to articulate. "My liege," said she, "the throne is not my place, the Princess of Hainault—"

"Yes," said the Lord de Grandison, bursting into the apartment, "she only must sit there!—What, my liege! my daughter crowned, and about to ascend the throne! Is that the price at which my chains are broken? Back with me to the Tower: rather eternal slavery, than freedom purchased by dishonour."

"My Lord de Grandison," said the king, "listen to me: I have given your daughter my hand; she is my queen, and wherefore would you oppose our happiness?"

"My daughter queen!" exclaimed the baron; "Katharine," he added, addressing her in a tone of supplication, "wilt thou lend thyself to the cause of falsehood and perjury? Wilt thou aid thy king to break a promise plighted in the face of Europe? Listen to me, and prove thyself my daughter. Put off that diadem. Fall at the king's feet for pardon; or, if thou canst not perform the dictates of duty, then die, and Heaven pardon thee!"

He drew a dagger from his bosom as he spoke, and as the king arrested his hand, he continued—

"Approach me not, my liege, or I bury this dagger in her heart. Give me the royal word that she shall not be queen, or—"

"My liege," said the countess, lifting the crown from her brow, and falling at Edward's feet, "it must not be; your royal word is pledged, the nation's honour is its guarantee, and war and desolation would follow the violation of your plighted promise. I am Katharine of Salisbury, your grace's most faithful subject, but dare not be your queen."

"Generous beings," said the king, "it is you who teach me how to reign. Rise, gracious madam! rise, my good Lord de Grandison. You, my noble friend, shall instantly proceed to the court of Hainault, to bring over my affianced bride. Your lovely daughter must not be my wife, but you will suffer her to remain at my court, its brightest ornament."

Thus ended the adventure of the Garter, without any of those disastrous consequences which once seemed so threatening. The Princess of Hainault filled the throne to which she was called by the voice of the nation, and won and merited the love of her royal consort. Anxious to give to the virtuous object of his former passion a splendid testimony of the sentiments which he still entertained towards her, the king, on his marriage, renewed the institution of the Order of the Garter. De Grandison long continued to hold the highest place in the royal favour; the Countess of Salisbury appeared at court as the friend of Queen Philippa, and long continued the object of the respectful passion of the greatest monarch who had ever filled the throne of England.

THE GREAT LADY OF FRANCE IN 1839.

BY MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE.

"Voyez-vous cette Madame la Marquise qui fait tant la glorieuse c'est la fille de M. Jourdain."—MODIERE.

"I will satisfy your curiosity in every respect," said the old Count de Surville to the young Duke D'Olburn, who had recently arrived at Paris, "I have made myself your *cicerone* to guide you in the Babel now-a-days called the drawing-rooms of high society, which you wish to be acquainted with. I'm about to introduce you to Madame de Marne; her husband was made a Minister yesterday, and this evening she receives company for the first time, at her private residence. It is not yet ten o'clock—rather early to go; but we shall get in before the crowd, which will permit our seeing better." The carriage carrying the Count and Duke then drove to La Nouvelle Athenes. A pell mell of private vehicles, hired cabs, and hackney coaches was beginning to extend into the line. Two municipal guards, armed *cap-a-pied*, kept the avenues to the house of Madame de Marne. Four illumination-lamps lighted the outside. The hall, ornamented for a *fete*, was surrounded with green trees, like the door of a *cafe* or a piece of ground sold forever to a family in the *Pere-le-chaise* cemetery. The stairs were splendidly lighted up, but with stinking coal-gas. On each side of the little folding doors of the antichamber were stationed two servants in a fancy livery made the day before, of a *cafe-au-lait* colour, with buttons bearing the initials "D. M." In order to reach the Queen of the place, the Duke and Count had to pass through two or three drawing rooms which were beginning to fill. Madame de Marne was seated at the further end of the last room, in a gilt arm chair, and, like a Queen presiding at her court, at the head of an ellipsis of women covered with gauze, or flowers, and diamonds. She kept herself as stiff as possible, but the slow passage of a few words already impressed with the diplomatic reserve of the Foreign Office, where she was next day to make her solemn *entree*. Bestowing around her looks only of protection or disdain, Madame de Marne aimed at dignity and placed herself in the capacity of a new star in the firmament of power. Short, but perfectly well made, and pretty, despite the irregularity of her features, she would have been a very pleasing person, had it not been for her ridiculous pretensions to lofty manners. At the sight of the Count, an inexpressible addition of proud satisfaction shone in her face, and she gave a new cadence to her voice. "All persons presented by you, Monsieur Lecomte," said she, favouring him at the same time with one of her sweetest smiles, "will always be welcome at my house. I hope the duke will do me the honour to come to the Foreign Office, where I shall now receive company every Wednesday." Scarcely had the Duke acknowledged the gracious invitation when shoals of new visitors came and lowered their heads before Madame de Marne. As their very plebeian names were announced she resumed her stiffness, changed the tone of her voice, and looked at the Duke as if she meant to say, "Pardon me, this is an obligation imposed upon power; the contagion of equality has mingled all ranks—every body must be admitted."

"To what family does Madame Marne belong? inquired the Duke, as he withdrew with the Count to an angle of the drawing-room."

"Faith, I scarcely know," replied the Count; "the great ladies of our days, come from all quarters. This one, I believe, is the daughter of a smith of Berri, who has become a great *industriel*, as all boors who have made a fortune are now called."

"What it is to be a stranger!" exclaimed the Duke's blushing bride, "I thought that to be a *great lady* high birth was requisite."

"That is to say, you took it in its old and real meaning. But the crowd increases; we are suffocating here. It is a real rout; five hundred persons where three hundred could scarcely stand. We cannot now get near Madame de Marne, and there is no observing anything in such a throng.—Come, the bondoor door is open, we shall be there alone; I will explain to you what is now meant by a Great Lady."

"You must first know," resumed the Count, "that the real Great La-

dy, the one of former times, can no longer exist in France at this period of *fusion*, as it is called, though it is but a period of deplorable and grotesque confusion. Swept away by the tremendous hurricane of 1793, crushed under the ruins of the old monarchy, the Great Lady of old was doomed to expire in the land of exile, leaving to her daughters but a few mutilated wrecks of the magnificent inheritance she had received from her ancestors, the other fragments scattered, divided, subdivided, have become the patrimony of fortune, which now alone confer them upon her favourites of a day. She who now decks herself with the name of a great Lady is but a caricature of the real Great Lady of the Past—the majestic *morceau d'ensemble*—every part of which was in perfect accordance, and bore an indelible stamp of grandeur. Look at the portraits of the great ladies of former times; but how admirably the features, the head, the general attitude of the lady harmonises, and seem, as in the statues of the great deities of Greece, to proclaim native superiority! It is all the graces united to grandeur, but to a grandeur which, like the quiet strength of the Farnesian Hercules, feels that it need crush nobody to be known and appreciated. An aggregation of the noblest elements of a nature chosen, polished and repolished by time—a brilliant transfiguration of a mass of glory accumulated by ages, and inscribed by a hundred generations upon every page of our history, the Great Lady of former times was the blood of all those proud barons of France whose banners for ten centuries had shone in battle by the side of, and almost on a par with the Oriflamme. At her birth she had taken rank in a line of chivalrous warriors, on a genealogical tree wholly blazoned; her name was Crillon, or Montmorency. "Without the aid of pomp, under rustic garments as well as under the richest costume of a court, in every thing and every where, the Great Lady, in whom breathed the pride of blood, the beauty of a noble race, could be alike recognized. Strip the Great Lady of our days of the magic of her wealth, of her cashmeres and diamonds, and nothing will remain of her. On beholding her, the old tale of 'Little Cinderella' is brought to mind. One is tempted to apply it to her, 'bating the tiny slipper which her foot could not enter. But is not the god-mother's wand a striking allegory of the power of fortune? Are not the pumpkin converted into an equipage, the dress of coarse cloth into a gold-laced one, the wonders whereby the capricious goddess produces the Great Lady of the day."

"The Great Lady of our times has no fixed features, no exclusive forms, no peculiar stamp; she is sometimes pretty, seldom handsome. Usually rich, for this is quite a metallic age, her marriage portion is most generally the pedestal of her greatness. On the stage she is an actress replete with stiffness, and untrue to nature; behind the scene she would often be a charming and graceful woman, if pride and the intoxication of prosperity did not almost always poison her native qualities. The produce of a successful stock-jobbing speculation, of a Ministerial change, of a dissolution of the Deputies, or an increase of the Chamber of Peers, without past or future, the Great Lady of our days is but a shooting star on the horizon of revolutions, a more or less happy improvisation of fortune, the last word of a political intrigue. A petty *bourgeoise* mounted upon the high stilts of her pride, she fancies she commands every thing from that eminence, and imagines she can render herself what she affects to appear, by somewhat changing her name, slipping into it the aristocratic particle if it sounds not too awkwardly with her, tacking to it the name of her native place, or even suppressing her own name altogether without permission from the Keeper of the Seals, and assuming that of the village near her country seat. One must have known the Great Lady of former times to perceive all the ridicule of the being who now pretends to be her successor. Can all that you behold here in dress and splendour—these little drawing rooms, whose ceilings almost touch your head, and in which three hundred persons are suffocating—can all these men, clad as if they were going to a funeral—can the five or six servants in the ante-room, the hackney coaches at the door, present the slightest analogy to the princely *cortège* of the Great Lady of other times? The numerous lacqueys, the grand liveries, the carriages covered with escutcheons; the titled, span-gled, perfumed throng; the spacious mansions, so resplendent with hereditary riches; the immense drawing-rooms, wherein majestically spread the silken and guilt waves of court dresses. The proportions of the dresses, as well those of the mansions and fortunes, have completely changed. Richness and grandeur have vanished from the costume. The shape of that of the Great Lady of former days belonged but to her, suited but her; its materials had been woven but for her. The gown of the Great Lady of the present day is not of a different cut from that of other women, it will fit all shapes—it is but individual gracefulness and taste that can impart to it some distinction."

"To be just, it must be owned that the Great Lady of our days has a more cultivated mind than the other, whose education generally encircled the thought within the frivolous and witty chat of the grand apartments of Versailles. At times, even, she will aim at science, but becoming then what the English call a *Blue Stocking*, she will appear to be a stranger to no speculations, however various or however elevated: she will launch into dissertations, talk physics and politics, geology and chemistry, medicine and astronomy, with more *aplomb* than Franklin and Montesquieu, Cuvier and Lavoisier, Broussais and Arago, and in such way as to impose upon those who are not aware that she has the oftener borrowed from the reviews and newspapers she had read in the morning the scientific baggage with which she decks herself at night. The Great Lady of the old Monarchy saw the fine arts contribute to the embellishment of her golden life, without being able to appreciate their creation, otherwise than by the instinctive feeling which warns every body of the presence of the beautiful. Our present Great Lady superadds comprehension to feeling; she admires with discernment, she devotes a part of her time to poetry, music, and painting; sometimes even she might lay claim to the title of artist."

"The pride of fortune has in the Great Lady of our days taken the place of an illustrious origin—the *apanage* of the Great Lady of other times. 'Is he of a noble race? Under what circumstances did his forefathers distinguish themselves?' Such were the inquiries made by the

latter when any solicited the honour of presenting her a person whom she knew not. "Is he rich?" is the first question which our present Great Lady puts on similar occasions. Gold is the god of the day; with gold every thing passes; it is the measure of merit; to gold the Great Lady of our day, is indebted for her most gracious smiles and her most polite attentions; it is almost by gold alone that she has reached the highest rank, and it is natural that she should proportion to the fortune of those she sees the regard she pays them.

"As you may have judged when we entered, her vanity is highly gratified when historical names adorn her drawing rooms; but be assured that in general her deepest sympathies will ever be obtained by the owners of millions. Figures perpetually recur in her conversation; it is the effect of the force of blood." "He has so many thousands a year, estates worth so much, manufactures of such value; he is a man of boundless credit, has an excellent house, the best to be seen in Paris."

"If her admiration be fixed on a new piece of furniture, a rich trinket, or an elegant carriage, she will not fail to include among the motives which justify it the high price of the object admired. The Great Lady of former days never thought of the pecuniary worth of every thing, she knew not how to reckon; money was a stranger to her; she sullied not her hands with it; it was the task of her *intendants* to value and pay all that luxury created but for her. If some inconveniences attached to such careless ignorance of money value, undeniable advantages made up for them, her liberality enriched those who approached her, and imparted to all her actions, even to her most extravagant expenses, a character of grandeur which nothing now resembles. Paltry in every thing, our present Great Lady, if she be prodigal, will but exhaust her purse without grandeur in the incessant renewal of the thousand nothings which fashion daily produces. If, on the contrary, a sense of order characterises her, she commonly will introduce into her housekeeping but the parsimony of her homely family traditions. Parsimony, pride and vanity—such is the Great Lady of our days, such is our epoch. Every period would seem to have had its own Great Lady who was a representative. Between the Great Ladies of the old and present times, France beheld two others, upon whom we shall not dwell long; the one, she of the Directory and Consulate, remind us of Aspasia and Phryne; she had their graces, beauty, wit, and heart and manners. It was she who put a stop to 'the Terror,' rescued France from the revolutionary saturnalia, substituted for them the voluptuous and brilliant *fetes* of which Le Raincy was one of the scenes, and whether the Brutuses of the eve, who were to wake next day the courtiers of a despot, went to prepare for their metamorphosis; the other Great Lady, into whose shape her predecessor had naturally transformed herself, was she of the empire, who expired with the sun, of which she was a ray. The latter exhibited herself also a medley of inconsistencies; but the daughter of victory, she derived from it, to a certain degree, its fascinating proportions; and if she occasionally betrayed the manners and tone of the camp, her title, and the ermine of her Highnesses mantle, were at least the just reward for a thousand bright deeds in all the fields where the Imperial Eagle had triumphed.

"The Great Lady of our days has several voices in her voice, as you may have observed on hearing Madame de Marne. She can swell or diminish its volume according to the quality of the persons she addresses. In her proud pretensions she is ever beside the right tone, and produces the effect of an instrument out of tune. She lacks nature, or stifles it under the stiffness of her affected politeness, which is the very opposite of the genuine, easy, and *bon gout* politeness which distinguished the Great Lady of former times. She can seldom be familiar without falling into vulgarity; arrogant and disdainful with her inferiors, she almost always makes the whole weight of her pride bear upon them. Her touchiness is excessive; a nothing alarms her; like the soldier on guard in front of a newly-conquered place, she is perpetually on the *qui vive*; always in dread of her own place being disputed or of her superiority being contested, she is ready to support the one and defend the other by an increased *hauteur* in her tone and stiffness in her manners.

"With the Great Lady of other times have vanished the immense domains, the vast chateaux, whose high and ancient towers could protect the banquets which depended upon them. With her have died all the seigniorial rights, the conquest of her ancestors, the pride of their blood, the gems of her ducal coronet. In her little country house, built yesterday, and where everything is measured after her petty grandeur, the Great Lady of the day endeavours to resuscitate the noble Chatelaine. She there ambitiously struts about amidst the display of a narrow and coarse hospitality, a sort of counterpart of the princely hospitality which shone as the real Great Lady's. She strives to assume, with the mayor of her village, the airs of the feudal lady with her bailiff—she gets honour paid her by the village guard. When she speaks of her farmers, who are often richer than herself, and, consequently, more independent, since fortune alone now confers independence, she will arrogantly call them *mes paysans*.

"On her birthday she will sometimes condescend to dance with the neighbouring villagers before the gates of her park, and in the overflow of her munificence she will add to the favour the distribution of two or three casks of petty wine, often mixed beforehand, from a humane attention to the health of *mes paysans*, with the same quantity of water. Where the Great Lady of former days unostentatiously lavished her charity, our modern lady promptly drops a parsimonious largess, which assuages but for an hour the miseries of indigence. But on the other hand, in justice to her be it proclaimed, if in her charities she is too sparing of her purse, it must at least be acknowledged that she is most prodigal of her person. Indefatigable in dancing for some, and singing for others, you find her the patroness of all *fetes*, balls, and concerts, got up for the benefit of the refugees, widows, orphans, and all misfortunes, whom a generous public sympathy wishes to relieve. Carrying her devotedness still further (and here she is indeed sublime) the Great Lady converts herself into a shopkeeper under her own great name, at an impromptu bazaar. Aye, a shopkeeper! and, obedient to her philanthropic passion, she pursues all her acquaintance, rich or poor, and compels them to pay enormously dear for the thousand trifles spread before her, and to complete the sort of poor tax

which all compassionate hearts, she nobly says, must lay upon themselves, a tax in which, however, she personally rates herself only to the amount of sundry little articles, the work of her own fair hand, such as ruffles pin-cushions, screens, purses, pen-wipers, and other trifles, of which Harpazon himself, if he had had a daughter, would have gladly permitted her to incur the expense.

"The fibre of faith is dead in the heart of this age—it is the scepticism of the Voltaire school which has killed it; for, as the Simoom, that tremendous wind of the desert, whose deadly breath withers and dries up and annihilates all it can reach—that audacious school has respected nothing. On pretence of lashing only ignorance, superstition, fanaticism, and hypocrisy, it has stifled in the soul religious feeling, that sole pure source of the sublimest inspiration, and substituted doubt which tortures, or cold materialism which kills, humanity in its divinest essence. Nevertheless, from *ton*, from fashion, the Great Lady, to give herself the air of a well-born woman, affects to observe certain commandments of the Church. She has a prayer-book glittering with gold clasps, and her seat is kept for her at the Assumption Church, or Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. She is a gatherer of alms, and a godmother of church bells. In the magnificence of her devout ardour, she will give a plaster Virgin, or an embroidered tulle altar-hanging to the church near her country seat, and a dinner now and then to the parish priest.

"In general the Great Lady perfumes herself as much as possible with aristocratic opinions and sayings. None thunder more violently than her ungrateful ladyship against revolutions, which have made her what she is. If you have guessed right the thought of Madame de Marne, when plebeian names—whose fortunes cover not their obscurity—just now sounded in her ears you will have perceived how much the new Great Lady suffered from the confusion of ranks—how much she laments the necessity of the official drawing-rooms being rendered but a sort of social *Macedoine*. But the orchestra is playing its last quadrilles—the crowd is diminishing; let us hasten near Madame de Marne, if you would observe one feature more of the Great Lady of our times.

"Who is that man," said the Duke D'Olburn, "who is swinging his person in the middle of the drawing room like a swan in a marble basin, and to whom is so respectfully listening the group surrounding him?"

"He is," replied the Count de Surville, "the son of a village school-master. He was, previous to 1830, a petty newspaper writer; he has now become the representative and champion of the interests and honour of France at all the Courts of Europe, in every country of the globe. He is the husband of the Great Lady, Monsieur de Marne, the Minister of yesterday."

PENCILINGS OF POLITICIANS.

BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.

LORD PALMERSTON.

There ago, essaying to recal the past
After long striving for the hues of youth
At the sad labour of the toilet, and
Full many a glance at the too faithful mirror,
Pranks forth in all the pride of ornament,
Believes itself forgotten, and is foiled.

Come Cupid—nay, shrink not—my grasp is rough, indeed, but it is honest. I may ruffle thy pinions, shake a little of the down off thy wings, and twang thy bow with a too nervous hand; but my grip will not burst thy little heart, unless it prove woefully unsound. I would look into thy breast, pretty flutterer, and I would pluck out and deliver over to the world's laughter whatever of folly I may find there; but I promise thee good and sterling acknowledgments for every atom of consistency, honour, and public spirit which come before my eyes.

Nay, Cupid, thou art growing past boyhood, even thy fond parent, the "*Mater sacra Cupidinum*," is getting ashamed of thee: the jubilee day of thy nativity is fast approaching; vainly is the skill of the artist lavished upon those dark locks, or upon those whiskers, once so puissant against the citadels of sempstresses: vain is the delicately-modelled broad-brimmed hat, the coat *chef d'œuvre* of the illustrious Stultz; vain the embroiderings of juvenile waistcoats; vain, alas! the tight and padded trouser, which essays to disguise the lean and slippered pantaloons.

But verily, Cupid, thou hast little piety to boast. Get thee, then, a plain brown wig, envelope thyself in a waistcoat of large dimensions and capacious pockets, wear cork soles and lambswool, and let thy upper Benjamin be of convenient magnitude. The clock is striking half a century to thee, the crows feet are gathering in multitudes under thy eyes, thou art not agile to run, and thy fencing master can throw in his hits where he pleases. Reform, then, reform—be a man at least before you die.

Palmerston is a man made to be laughed at, but not to be despised—Tall, handsome, dark, and well dressed, as he was twenty years ago he thinks himself still; he is only wrong in one respect—twenty years ago he was well dressed because *appropriately* dressed. I have taken some pains for his Lordship's sake, and can assure him, after a lengthened enquiry among a very numerous acquaintance, that I could not find one lady who did not prefer a handsome middle-aged man before a faded young one.

In the House of Commons Palmerston is an idle man; he does not inflict his eloquence indiscriminately, and when he is obliged to get up and defend some bungling collegiate about some matter upon which he is profoundly ignorant, he hammers and stammers in a most exemplary manner. It was, I believe, during one of the debates upon the Reform Bill that his Lordship was indulging in a quiet snooze while a Tory orator of note was holding forth, and, owing to some mismanagement, there was no one ready to answer him. "You must do it, Palmerston," said Lord John, who was not aware of the Noble Lord's state of torpor, seizing him violently, and forcing him upon his legs. Palmerston started as though a powder mill had been blown up about his ears, and found himself in possession of the House before he was in possession of his faculties. "Who the devil was up last, and what did he talk about?" he asked of his neigh-

hour, during the coughing, and shuffling and shutting of doors which succeeded the close of the Tory oration. A few whispers succeeded, and his Lordship commenced. But never was heard such a speech. Imagine a lightly hung tilbury bumping along over the broken masses of an old Roman road. His friend behind him suggesting the topics, and Palmerston, now hearing, now mistaking, them, and plunging on from confusion into confusion worse confounded. The House evidently thought that Palmerston was gone mad, and Peel suggested in an audible whisper, that he had been bitten by Arthur Trevor. When the noble Secretary, becoming thoroughly awakened, broke desperately, from the toils, and casting overboard the speaker he had to answer, slid glibly into the current of general argument.

Yet Palmerston, when it is his cue to fight, knows his part without a prompter. Never does a hot-headed Tory make an attack upon his particular province—never does Donald Maclean, who, after sitting all day in Westminster Hall, stuffs his brief bag at night with protocols and old *Morning Posts*, and bustling into the House of Commons—never does this gentleman or any of his kindred nobodies talk his ignorance about Spain or Russia, but Palmerston can give a good account of him. He handles them delicately—with the most delicate elegance—just as a young beauty does a full-blown rose, plucking it negligently leaf by leaf, till it is left a mere stalk, and then dropping that with a smile. He laughs at their virtuous indignation; sneers all their facts into moonshine; melts all their heavy argument with a little irony; and, having made all his auditors very merry, sits down with exceeding great complacency.

Palmerston has served a long apprenticeship to his business, and at least, knows more about it than those who abuse him. As to his protocols, I absolutely admire them. So long as the swinish multitude show an absurd disinclination to pay ten or twelve millions a year in order to decide some momentous question, such as that which erst divided the little and big-endians, what else has the poor man to fight with? Glad am I to see the energy with which he wields his only weapon, and long may he live to show his dexterity.

Unluckily, this is the best part of Palmerston's character; a retrospect of his life will exhibit him as a very political prostitute. Oh, the arrant Toryism of the man when he commenced politician! How he drugged and voted and lisped for the Tories, until he got the immaculate Lord Liverpool to make him his Secretary at War! How he chopped with Canning, pinned himself to the skirts of Huskisson, kissed the great toe of Pope Wellington, and looked piteously in the face of Earl Grey! How aloofly and consistently did he manage to retain his place under Wellington, voting for Catholic emancipation, which was an open question, and then certain not to be carried, and against the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, which was not an open question, and in which the division was expected to be close. When Lord John Russell and the Whigs forced this Repeal Bill from Wellington and the Tories, Palmerston's opposition augmented their difficulties—to him religious toleration owes nothing. To the Whigs, I say, beware of Palmerston. So long as he is with you, well: but let him have no influence upon your counsels—let not the fear of his desertion bend you a line from your course. He is a *medio tutissimus* man: he ever keeps open a retreat into the opposite ranks. I fear he acts upon no principle but that of retaining office; he served under Peel before, and he would serve under him again to-morrow—he shapes his zeal by the prospect of your fortune—you are firm, and he is fervid; you totter and he grows cold. The popular voice is powerful, and in the *Globe* he cheers you on to daring deeds with a bold and merry cry; it grows weak, or elections look dubious and in the same *Globe* he hints to Peel that he has always been "Conservative." He would coalesce, ay, verily would he, and he would be safe, but you would be lost forever. If Palmerston should ever stand in the way of an onward movement—and I believe he would, for it would cut off his retreat to the Tories—away with him without a thought.

To the exquisite himself I offer my advice with humble deference.—take up a manly bearing and a manly course of politics, throw away all coquetry with Toryism, and place yourself heartily and without reserve among the vanguard of the Whigs—with Howick and Normanby. Reconsider your opinions upon the subject of the Ballot. You are a clever man and a useful official. But remember, constantly remember, that although your past inconsistencies may be atoned, or even reconciled, by future rectitude, no cast off drab would be more scorned, than not the treasury bench, upon which each succeeding set of Ministers sit, would be thought a more mere convenience than would Lord Palmerston be in a Tory cabinet or in a prosperous Tory opposition.

LORD HOWICK.

Among the members who frequently address the House of Commons, the casual visitor in the gallery of the House will observe a thin young man, with curly hair and rather an unintellectual cast of countenance, whom he will be very apt to set down as a bore.

First impressions are not always the most correct, although they are certainly the strongest; so reserve your judgment, stranger, and listen to the sandy-haired, silly looking young man again. He has a shocking voice—that I must allow. Squeaking and harsh it is, to the extent of inflicting absolute discomfort upon his auditors. I admit, also, that it is as unpleasant to look at as to listen to him. Besides his unintellectual appearance, his attitudes and positions are ungainly—not offensively violent, nor boisterously absurd; on the contrary, he is very moderate in the use of action: but there is some slight physical defect in his person, something approaching to a lameness, which, although we might multiply examples from the time of Esop down to that of Scott and Byron, to show that it is not hostile, but, perhaps, rather the contrary, to the development of genius, is certainly not an advantage to a speaker.

In the matter of what this member says I must also admit that there is nothing of imagination, and nothing of brilliancy. He startles with no bold images, he commands the attention with no originality of thought, he does not lure our sympathy by pathetic description, nor does he pretend to any mastery of the passions. In all the high branches of oratory he is utterly

deficient. Oratory, as a science, he may know, for he is well educated, and has read with assiduity; but oratory, as an art, he is both physically and mentally incapable of practising. Yet listen to him yet again, and you will find that what he says is well worthy your attention. The first great secret of public speaking is to know the subject of debate—and here Lord Howick is always strong. Hark! how conversant he appears with all the facts of the case—how thoroughly acquainted he shows himself to be with all that has been said and written upon the same point. Instead of a silly fellow, you must admit at once that he is a laborious and well-informed man. As you listen to him longer, you must admit more. He is fluent, level and common place in his diction, and there is sound sterling sense in all he says; he has evidently looked through the subject; and he has formed a vigorous, but moderate and statesmanlike opinion upon it. This is the sort of talent which is more current than any other in the present day, and in the present House of Commons; and Lord Howick has, accordingly risen rapidly, to a degree of influence in that assembly which a more flashy, but less solid style of speaking would not acquire in a life time.

The fact of Howick being the eldest son of Earl Grey has, doubtless, contributed in some degree to his rapid rise. But this only gave him the opportunity, not the power, to avail himself of it. The Marquis of Douro enjoys a still higher starting point, as the son of the Duke of Wellington, but I question whether the most ardent Tory of the House would postpone his dinner for five minutes in order to hear what he thought upon any conceivable subject. The Marquis being known to be no Solon, the mere accident of his birth cannot give him weight in the House of Commons; nor would the prestige of the name of Earl Grey have served Howick beyond an attentive audience to his maiden speech. He, however, convinced his hearers that he was worthy to be listened to for his own powers; and is another among the many examples of able debaters who, being gifted by nature with sound sense, and having acquired accurate information by habits of industry, become fluent and effective by practice. I know of no instance upon record—with the single exception of Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli—of any man whom fame acknowledges as an orator, and who came forth at once with all his burnished splendour about him.]

Unambitious as Howick is to soar into the seventh heaven of metaphorical diction, and little accustomed as he is to cull the flowers of rhetoric, he is still a dangerous opponent to any rampant Tory, who starts off firing his random assertions and accusations right and left. Howick, if he replies, we may be sure is well acquainted with the facts; he brings the gentleman to the test of dates and real occurrences; and when, as is usually the case, these are found wanting, and the accuser sneaks sheepishly out of the accusation, or has recourse to a dogged reiteration, Howick can squeeze a little sarcastic henbane into his retort, which works and rankles to good effect, although, perhaps, from the manner of the delivery, it is hardly seen or appreciated in the gallery. The House and gallery are, indeed, two very distinct and different kinds of audiences; and a man may be very highly rated by one of them, and thought an intense bore by the other. In comparing them, I must give my preference to the judgment of the House, except in certain cases where the *esprit de corps* of the assembly is brought into action. The judgment of the House is a more sterling and business like judgment—they weigh the metal before they look at the chasing.

In the higher attributes of imagination and eloquence Howick sinks below his father; but in the order of his mind he appears the same.—Here is the same straight forward integrity of purpose, the same unwavering resolution, the same contempt of difficulties, and continued pursuit of one object, which marked the career of Earl Grey. The misfortune of Grey was that the object which he proposed to himself was not sufficiently advanced for this age, and, that when it was attained, a long life of striving had wedded him to it too closely to allow him to look out for another.—But when Grey took up Parliamentary Reform, it appeared further removed and more hopeless than the wildest proposition that has been broached in the present day can appear. He pursued it however, through every risk, at every hazard, declaring that if the question was between Universal Suffrage and no reform, he would choose Universal Suffrage without a moment's hesitation. He followed his object as an object should be followed, which has been well considered and found to be just; he fixed his eyes upon the point to be gained, went steadily forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and gained it. The same straight, manly path appears to have been chosen by his son; and, as far as we have hitherto seen, this young nobleman appears to have avoided his father's great error, and to have proposed to himself no immutable boundary beyond which he will not pass. In affairs of Government which must always depend upon the temper of the age, the condition of the people, and the circumstances of the time, such resolutions are always absurd, and of this Earl Grey is an illustrious example; yet he, in his day, chose what was thought to be the most thorough radical and efficient remedy for the disease of the State. We may hope that Howick will imitate his father, and make a similar choice. The family, in youth at least, are not remarkable for their love of half-measures; Howick has already proved that he is in this respect a true Grey. One of Lord Brougham's letters to Mr. Benjamin Smith occasioned the disclosure, under his own hand, of the fact that Howick resigned his office because the Slave Emancipation Bill was not sufficiently decided in its provisions—a fact which its framers themselves were soon afterwards the loudest to assert. He approaches, also, nearer than any other member of the aristocracy to those great questions which have yet to be decided, before England can be said to be in the possession of a wholesome Government. I say, Lord Howick approaches nearer than any other—where he stops I know not; I am inclined to hope that he has drawn no formal demarcation between himself and the people, and that he is ready, without looking to the sophistries of expediency-mongers to advance wherever justice and sound reason may guide. He has given eminent token of this in his conduct upon the Irish Tithe Bill.—While Lord John Russell was trimming and coquetting between Whigs, Tories, and radicals—declaring to the first and second that the arrangement should be final, and talking ambiguously to the last about retaining the principles of appropriation in their creed, while they shut it out from

operation by a final arrangement from which it was excluded—while this juggle was going on, Howick spoke forth plainly and abided by his declaration; characterising the monster-abuse of the Irish Church in language such as an honest Liberal, unshackled by party connexions or official obligations, might have used, and dooming it at no distant period to a certain destruction.

This was a manifestation of political virtue which raised Lord Howick fifty per cent in public opinion, and enabled him to laugh at the petulance of Lord John Russell at having his well-arranged diplomacy thus blown up. His speech formed a refreshing contrast to that of those of all his coadjutors upon this question.

I look upon Lord Howick as a man of great promise; and, if I properly rate his energy and determination, probably destined to lead a mighty movement and a great peaceable revolution, even greater than that over which his father presided. His want of showy talents has prevented his being so well known to the millions as he deserves to be; as he becomes better known he will be better appreciated. I believe the time is not far distant when he will be the only one in the Cabinet in whom the nation will place its highest confidence.

WALPOLE AND THE POET GRAY CROSSING THE ALPS.

Let us say something about crossing the Alps. "A novel subject, truly!" you will exclaim, "when every third person one knows has done it half a dozen times, and every twentieth person one does not know has written and published an account of his or her observations and sensations in performing that now common-place feat." All that may be; but still crossing the Alps is a formidable matter, especially if undertaken in any month of the year save the three which so sunnily interpose themselves between May and September. Witness the letters lately published in the *Morning Post* from a traveller, whose life for several days seems to have been scarcely worth a pin's fee, so beset was he with horrible torrents washing away the roads—with rocks, and fragments of rocks, tumbling about him like hailstones in a February shower—with thunders and lightnings, and howlings of hideous cataracts, tearing out passages they had never known before—and all these things growing more intensely horrible just before the descent into Italy, as though the manager of the weather had especial regard to an artistical effect of contrast. Assuredly the aspect of nature in the Alps can never be common-place, although much may be done by perseveringly-published mediocrity to give to descriptions of the passage over these sublime mountains an aspect as flat as that of Salisbury Plain.

But take comfort, excellent listeners; we are not going to talk to you of any modern journey over the Alps made by Mr. Tomkins, or Mr. Snooks, on the top of a *diligence*, nor of any ancient journey made by Mr. Hannibal *summa diligentia*, but of one made just one hundred years ago this very month, by the man who afterwards became famous as the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." In November, 1739, Mr. Gray, in company with Horace Walpole (that witty and worthless gentleman!) left the south of France, and passed over into Italy by Mount Cenis. It was not the fashion then for every one who could write to make a book out of their travelling journal; but Mr. Gray wrote letters to his mother, and to his friend Mr. West, some of the details of which we shall now mention, and perhaps it will afford amusement to such as have of late years travelled from Switzerland into Piedmont to mark the difference which a century has made in the ordinary circumstances of such a journey.

In November, 1739, Gray writes to his mother from Turin, where he had just arrived after "eight days' tiresome journey" from Lyons. "For the first three," he says, "we had the same road we before passed through to go to Geneva, the fourth we turned out of it, and for that day and the next travelled rather among than upon the Alps, the way commonly running through a deep valley by the side of the river Arc, which works itself a passage, with great difficulty and a mighty noise, amongst vast quantities of rocks that have rolled down from the mountain tops. The winter was so far advanced as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the savageness and horror of the place. The sixth we began to go up several of these mountains, and, as we were passing one, met with an odd accident enough. Mr. Walpole had a little fat black spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down and let it run by the chaise side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most; on one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice; it was noon-day, and the sun shone bright, when, all of a sudden, from the wood side (which was as steep upwards as the other part was downwards,) out rushed a great wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a minute; we all saw it, and yet the servants had no time to draw their pistols, or to do anything to save the dog. If he had not been there, and the creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses, chaise and we and all must inevitably have tumbled above fifty fathoms perpendicular down the precipice."

Mr. Gray it will be observed, does not bestow one word of pity on the little dog—not so much as an epithet of commiseration, which one might well have looked for under the circumstances. But it may have been that he thought any such expression of feeling beneath the dignity of narration; or perhaps Mr. Walpole's little fat friend may have been rather an annoyance as a travelling companion to one of Mr. Gray's serious and fastidious habits, and that he was, therefore, in truth not sorry that he furnished a dinner to an Alpine wolf. The event altogether was not exactly such as, if it happened now, would be described by any educated gentleman as merely "an odd accident."

But Mr. Gray proceeds—"The seventh day we came to Lanebourg, the last town in Savoy; it lies at the foot of the famous Mount Cenis, which is so situated as to allow no room for any way but over the very top of it. Here the chaise was forced to be pulled to pieces, and the baggage and that to be carried by mules; we ourselves were wrapped up in our furs, and

seated upon a sort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles in the manner of a bier; and so begun to ascend by the help of eight men. It was six miles to the top, where a plain opens itself about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep snow, and in the midst of that a great lake of unfathomable depth, from whence a river takes its rise; and tumbles over monstrous rocks quite down the other side of the mountain. The descent is six miles more, but infinitely more steep than the going up; and here the men perfectly fly down with you, stepping from a stone to stone with incredible swiftness, in places where none but they could go three paces without falling. The immensity of the precipices, the roaring of the river and torrents that run into it, the huge crags covered with ice and with snow, and the clouds below you and about you, are objects it is impossible to conceive without seeing them, and, though we had heard many strange descriptions of the scene, none of them at all came up to it."

We are afraid it must be admitted, that this is but a sorry and meagre piece of description to come from a great poet immediately after witnessing for the first time the rugged magnificence, and awful grandeur, of the Alps. But the fashion of the day was not to feel the influence of nature upon a grand scale. Gray's account, tame as it is, is absolute poetry, compared with the smirking waiting-maid strain in which Walpole writes of the very same thing at the same time. That gay gentleman writes from Turin:—"Lo! as the song says, we are in fair Italy. I wonder we are, for on the highest precipice of Mount Cenis the devil of discord, in the similitude of sour wine, had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them a fighting, with Gray and me in the chairs; they rushed him by me on a crag, where there was scarce room for a cloven foot; the least slip had tumbled us into such a fog, and such eternity, as we should never have found our way out again. We were eight days coming hither from Lyons, the four last in crossing the Alps. Such uncouth rocks, and uncouth inhabitants, my dear West, I hope I shall never see them again."

In 1739 it was the part of a fine gentleman to be disgusted with uncouth rocks, even in the Alps. To make them interesting they should have been hewn out into grottos, and placed under the guardianship of gentlemen in silk stockings, shining shoe-buckles, and red heels.

But to return to a great man, namely, the poet Gray, for such he deserves to be called, though he seems to have reserved all his poetry for two or three remarkable occasions, when he poured it out in verse. He writes another letter from Turin, not to his mother, but his friend West, in which he adverts both to works of art and scenes of nature. "The palace here in town," he says, "is the very quintessence of gilding and looking-glass; inlaid floors, carved panels, and painting, wherever they could stick a brush. I own I have not as yet anywhere met with those grand and simple works of art that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for; but those of nature have astonished me beyond expression."

He then runs off into a description of the Grand Chartreuse, the grand and gloomy features of which he admits to be "pregnant with religion and poetry;" but it will be seen that, instead of expressing any strong feeling about them, he devotes his letter to pleasantries and conceits which would have better become a drawing-room coxcomb like Mr. Walpole.

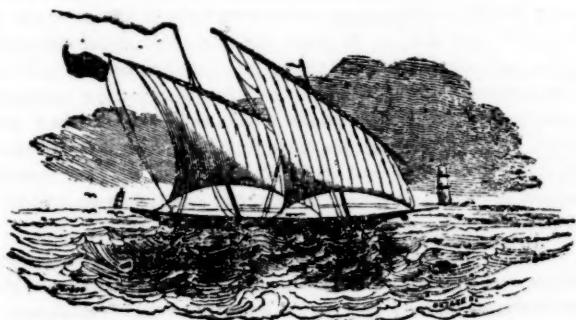
In our little journey, he says, "up the Grand Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining. Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an Atheist into belief without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits at noon-day; you have death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius to choose such a situation for his retirement; and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time. You may believe Abelard and Heloise were not forgotten upon this occasion. If I do not mistake, I saw you too every now and then at a distance among the trees; *il me semble, que j'ai vu ce chien de visage la quelque part*. You seemed to call to me from the other side of the precipice, but the noise of the river below was so great that I really could not distinguish what you said; it seemed to have a cadence like verse. In your next you will be so good as to let me know what it was."

Out of this pleasantry an ingenious commentator has drawn the conclusion, or at least hazarded the conjecture, that there are "traceable in the whole passage some elements of the description and opening address of Gray's 'Bard'!" This is certainly clever.

The Alps are now touched upon once more, and the poet exhibits his erudition and his wit, but his poetry he seems to have left in his study in England. "The week we have since passed among the Alps has not equalled the single day upon that mountain, because the winter was rather too far advanced, and the weather a little foggy. However, it did not want its beauties. The *savage rudeness* of the view is inconceivable without seeing it: I reckoned in one day thirteen cascades, the least of which was, I dare say, one hundred feet in height. The creatures that inhabit them are in all respects below humanity, and most of them, especially women, have the *tumidum guttur*, which they call *goscia*. Mount Cenis, I confess, carries the permission mountains have of being frightful rather too far; and its horrors were accompanied with too much danger to give one time to reflect upon their beauties. There is a family of the Alpine monsters I have mentioned upon its very top, that in the middle of winter calmly lay in their stock of provisions and firing, and so are buried in their hut for a month or two under the snow. When we were down it and got a little way into Piedmont, we began to find 'Apricos quosdam, colles rivosque prope sylvas, et jam humano cultu digniora loca.' I read Silius Italicus, too, for the first time, and wished for you according to custom."

This is to write about the horrors of the wintry Alps, in the spirit of a gay town spark. The joke about the frightfulness of Mount Cenis is borrowed from Madame de Sevigne, who says of a certain M. Pelisson—"Qu'il abusait de la permission qu'ont les hommes d'être laids!"

One cannot hear the foregoing descriptions and sentiments of Mr. Gray without feeling that his thoughts were not habitually cast in the mould of poetry. It was the fashion of his time, into which it seems not improbable we shall fall again, to attend more (in education) to the mechanism of poetry than to its soul—to study the art of versifying rather than the thoughts which ought to inspire verse. Too often the frigid framework of classical models was alone comprehended, and it was only when a severer fidelity of imitation was essayed and accomplished that beauty sprung forth in spite of the barrenness of original poetic thought.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1839.

☞ We cannot withhold the expression of our heartiest wishes for the happiness of our gentle readers at this season of festivity, and interchange of courtesies. Christmas has passed, and the New Year will have been entered on before we again issue our sheet; we will, therefore, combine the two Christmas greetings, and wish all our friends the fullest enjoyment of their Christmas pleasures and a happy New Year.

A RAMBLE IN THE PICTURE-GALLERIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE," THE "MEMOIRS OF MAJOR GANAGAN, &c."

Paris, October, 1839.

The three collections of pictures at the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the Ecole des Beaux Arts, contain a number of specimens of French Art, since its commencement almost, and give the stranger a pretty fair opportunity to study and appreciate it. The French list of painters contains some very good names,—no very great ones except Poussin (unless the admirers of Claude choose to laud him among great painters) and I think the school was never in so flourishing a condition as it is at the present day. They say there are three thousand artists in this town alone, of them a handsome minority paint not merely tolerably, but well, understand their business, draw the figure accurately, sketch with cleverness, and paint portraits, churches, or restaurateurs' shops, in a decent manner.

To account for a superiority over England which I think as regards Art, is incontestable, it must be remembered that the painter's trade in France is a very good one: better appreciated, better understood, and generally far better paid. There are a dozen excellent schools in which a lad may enter here, and under the eye of a practised master learn the apprenticeship of his art at an expense of about ten pounds a year. In England there is no school except the Academy, unless the student can afford to pay a very large sum, and place himself under the tuition of some particular artist. Here a young man for his ten pounds, has all sorts of necessary instruction, models, &c., he has further, and for nothing, numberless incitements to study the profession which are not to be found in England—the streets are filled with picture shops, the people themselves are pictures, walking about—the churches, theatres, eating-houses, court-rooms, are covered with pictures. Nature itself seems inclined more kindly to him, for the sky is a thousand times more bright and beautiful, and the sun shines for the greater part of the year. Add to this, incitements more selfish but quite as powerful; a French artist is paid very handsomely, for five hundred a year is rich where all are poor, and has a rank in society rather above his merits than below them, being caressed by hosts and hostesses, in places where titles are laughed at, and a Baron is thought of no more account than a bankers'-clerk.

The life of the young artist here is the easiest, merriest, dirtiest existence possible. He arrives most likely at sixteen from his province, his parents settle forty pounds a year on him and pay his master; he establishes himself in the Pays Latin, or in the new Quartre of Notre-Dame de Lorette, which is quite peopled with painters; he arrives at his atelier, at a tolerably early hour, and labours among a score of companions as merry and poor as himself. Each gentleman has his favourite

tobacco-pipe, and the pictures are painted in the midst of a dim cloud of smoke, and a din of puns and choice French slang, and a roar of chorusses, of which no one can form an idea that has not been present at such an assembly. As for their dress, you see among them every variety of coiffure that has ever been known. Some young men of genius have ringlets hanging over their shoulders,—you may smell the tobacco with which they are scented across the street—some have straight locks, black, oily, and redundant—some have toupées in the famous Louis Philippe fashion, some are cropped close, some have adopted the present mode which he who would follow, must, in order to do so, part his hair in the middle, grease it with grease, and gum it with gum, and iron it flat down over his ears, when arrived at the ears you take the tongs and make a couple of ranges of curls close round the whole head—such curls as you may see under a gilt three cornered hat, and in her Britannic Majesty's coachman's state wig. This is the last fashion—with respect of beards there is no end to them; all my friends the Artists have beards who can raise them, and Nature though she has rather stinted the bodies and limbs of the French nation, has been very liberal to them of hair. Fancy these heads and beards under all sorts of caps, Chinese mandarin-caps, Greek skull-caps, English jockey-caps, Persian or Kuzzilbash-caps, middle-age caps, (such as are called in heraldry "caps of maintenance") Spanish nets and striped worsted night-caps. Fancy all the jackets you have ever seen, and you have before you, as well as the pen can describe, the costumes of these indescribable Frenchmen. In this company and costume, the French student of art passes his days and acquires knowledge,—how he passes his evenings, in what theatres, at what quingettes, in company with what seducing little milliner, there is no need to say; I know one who pawned his coat to go to the Carnival Ball, and walked abroad very cheerfully in his blouse for six weeks, until he could redeem the absent garment.

These young men (together with the students of sciences) comport themselves towards the sober citizens pretty much as the German *bursch* towards the *Philistee*, or as the military man during the Empire did to the *pekin*—from the height of their poverty they look down upon him with the greatest imaginable scorn—a scorn, I think, by which the citizen seems dazzled, for his respect for the Arts is intense. The case is very different in England, where a grocer's daughter would think she made a *mésalliance*, by marrying a painter, and where a literary man (in spite of all we can say against it) ranks below that dubious class of gentry composed of the Apothecary, the Attorney, the Wine Merchant, whose positions, in country towns, at least, are so equivocal. As for instance, my friend the Reverend James Asterisk, who has an undeniable pedigree, a paternal estate, and a living to boot, once dined in Warwickshire in company with several Squires and parsons of that enlightened county. Asterisk, as usual, made himself extraordinarily agreeable at dinner, and delighted all present with his learning and wit. "Who is that monstrous pleasant fellow," said one of the Squires—"Don't you know," replied another, "it's Asterisk, the Author of so and so, and a famous contributor to such and such a magazine." "Good Heavens," said the Squire, quite terrified—"a literary man, I thought he had been a gentleman!"

Another instance, Monsieur Guizot, when he was a minister here, had the grand hotel of the Ministry, and gave entertainments to all the great *de par le monde*, as Brantôme says, and entertained them in a proper ministerial magnificence. The splendid and beautiful Duchess of Dash was at one of his ministerial parties, and went a fortnight afterwards, as in duty bound, to pay her respects to M. Guizot. But it happened in this fortnight that Monsieur Guizot was minister no longer, but gave up his portfolio, and his grand hotel to retire into private life, and to occupy his humble apartments in a house which he possesses, and of which he lets the greater portion. A friend of mine was present at one of the ex-ministers soirees, when the Duchess of Dash made her appearance. He says the Duchess at her entrance seemed quite astounded, and examined the premises with a most curious wonder. Two or three shabby little rooms, with ordinary furniture, and a Minister *en retraite*, who lives by letting lodgings! In our country was ever such a thing heard of! No, thank heaven, and a Briton ought to be proud of the difference.

But to our muttons—this country is sure the Paradise of painters and penny-a-liners, and when one reads of Monsieur Horace Vernet, at Rome, exceeding Ambassadors by his magnificence, and leading such a life as Rubens or Titian did of old, when one sees Monsieur Thiers's grand villa in the Rue Saint George (a dozen years ago he was not even a penny-a-liner, no such luck,) when one contemplates in imagination Monsieur Gudin, the marine painter, too lame to walk through the picture gallery of the Louvre, accommodated therefore with a wheel-chair, privilege of Princes only, and accompanied, nay, for what I know, trundled down the gallery, by Majesty itself, who does not long to make one of the great nation, exchange his native tongue for the melodious jabber of France, or at least adopt it for his native country, like Marshal Saxe, Napoleon, and Anacharsis Clootz. Noble people! they made Tom Payne a deputy, and as for Tom Macaulay, they would make a *dynasty* of him.

Well, this being the case, no wonder there are so many painters in France—and here at last we are, back to them. At the Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts, you see two or three hundred specimens of their performances—all the prize men since seventeen hundred and fifty, I think, being bound to leave there their prize sketch or picture. Can anything good come out of the Royal Academy? is a question which has been considerably mooted in England (in the neighbourhood of Suffolk street especially)—the hundreds of French samples are, I think, not very satisfactory. The subjects are almost all what are called classical—Orestes pursued by every variety of Furies,—numbers of little wolf-sucking Romuluses,—Hectors and Andromaches in a complication of parting embraces, and so forth—for it was the absurd maxim of our forefathers that because one or two giants could reach these lofty supports, the race of pigmies must get upon stilts and jump at them likewise, and on the canvass, and in the theatre, the French frogs (excuse the pleasantry) were instructed to swell out and wax as much as possible like bulls.

What was the consequence? As the Reverend Dionysius Lardner says with much propriety—in trying to make themselves into Bulls, the frogs made themselves into Jackasses—as might be expected. For a hundred and ten years the classical humbug oppressed the nations; and you may see in this gallery of the Beau Arts seventy years' specimens of the dulness which it engendered. As Nature made every man with a nose and eyes of his own—she gave him a character of his own, too, and we, a foolish race, must try our very best to ape some one or two of our neighbours whose ideas fit us no more than their breeches! It is the study of Nature surely that profits us, and not of these imitations of her. A man as a man from a dustman up to Æschylus, is God's work and good to read, as all works of nature are; but what a worthless creature it becomes when it tries to fit itself into another shape, wants to deny its own identity, and has not the courage to alter its own thoughts. Because Lord Byron was wicked, and quarrelled with the world, and found himself growing fat and quarrelled with his victuals, and thus naturally grew ill-humoured, did not half Europe grow ill-humoured too? Did not every poet feel his young affections withered, and despair and darkness cast upon his soul because his Lordship was afraid of growing two or three stone heavier? because certain mighty men of old could make heroic statues and plays, must we not be told that there is no other beauty but classical beauty? must not every little whipster of a French poet chalk you out plays, Henriades, and such like, and vow that here was the real thing, the undeniable Kalon?

The undeniable fiddlestick! For a hundred years, my dear sir, the world was humbugged by the so-called classical art, as it is now by what is called the Christian art (of which, anon)—and it is curious to look at the pictorial traditions as here handed down. The consequence of them is, that not one of the pictures exhibited is worth much more than two and sixpence. Borrowed from statuary in the first place, the colour of the paintings seems as much as possible to participate in it—they are mostly of a misty, stony, green, dismal hue, as if they had been painted in a world where no colour was. In every picture there are, of course, white mantles, white urns, white columns, white statues, those *obligés* accompaniments of the sublime. There are the endless straight noses, long eyes, round chins, short upper-lips, just as they are ruled down for you in the drawing-books, as if the latter were the Revelations of Beauty, issued by Supreme authority, and from which there was no appeal! Why is the classical reign to endure? Why is yonder smirking Venus of Medicis to be our standard of beauty, or the Greek tragedies to bound our notions of the sublime? There was no reason why Agamemnon should set the fashions, and remain *avaî arôpov* to eternity: and there is a classical quotation which you may have occasionally heard, beginning "*Vivere fortes*," &c., which, as it avers that there were a great number of stout fellows before Agamemnon, may not unreasonably induce us to conclude that similar heroes were to succeed him. Shakspeare made a better man when his imagination moulded the mighty figure of Macbeth; and if you will measure Satan by Prometheus, the blind old Puritan's work by that of the fiery Grecian poet, does not Milton's angel surpass Æschylus's—surpass him by "many a rood?"

In this same school of the Beaux Arts, where are to be found such a number of pale imitations of the Antique, Monsieur Thiers (and he ought to be thanked for it,) has caused to be placed a full-sized copy of the Last Judgement of Michael Angelo, and a number of casts from statues by the same splendid hand. There is the sublime if you please—a new sublime, an original sublime, quite as sublime as the Greek sublime. See, yonder in the midst of his angels, the Judge of the World descending in glory, and near him, beautiful and gentle, and yet indescribably august and pure, the Virgin by his side—there is the Moses, the grandest figure that ever was carved in stone. It has about it something frightfully majestic, if one may so speak. In examining this, and the astonishing picture of the Judgment, or even a single figure of it, the spectator's sense amounts almost to pain. I would not like to be left in a room alone with

the Moses. How did the artist live amongst them, and create them? How did he suffer the painful labour of invention? One fancies that he would have been scorched up like Semele by sights too tremendous for his vision to bear; one cannot imagine him with our small physical endowments and weaknesses, a man like ourselves.

As for the Ecole Royal des Beaux Arts then, and all the good its students have done—it is stark naught. There is only one picture among the many hundreds that has, to my thinking, much merit (a charming composition of Homer singing, signed Jourdy)—and the only good that the Academy has done by its pupils, was to send them to Rome, where they might learn better things. At home, the intolerable stupid classicalities taught by men, who, belonging to the least erudite country in Europe, were themselves, from their profession, the least learned among their countrymen, only weighed the pupils down, and cramped their hands, their eyes, and their imaginations, drove them away from natural beauty—which, thank God, is fresh and attainable by us all, to-day, and yesterday, and to-morrow—and sent them rambling after artificial grace, without the proper means of judging or attaining it.

A word for the building of the Palais des Beaux Arts: It is beautiful, and as well finished and convenient as beautiful; with its light and elegant fabric, its pretty fountains, its archway of the Renaissance, and fragments of sculpture, you can hardly see on a fine day, a place more *riant* and pleasing.

Passing from thence up the picturesque Rue de Seine, let us walk to the Luxembourg, where *bonnes*, students, grisettes, and old gentlemen with pig-tails, love to wander in the melancholy quaint old gardens, where the Peers have a new and comfortable Court of Justice, to judge all the émeutes which are to take place, and where, as everybody knows, is the picture gallery of modern French artists, whom Government thinks worthy of patronage.

A very great proportion of these, as we see by the catalogue, are of the students whose works we have just been to visit at the Beaux Arts, and who, having performed their pilgrimage to Rome, have taken rank among the professors of the art. I don't know a more pleasing exhibition, for there are not a dozen really bad pictures in the collection, some very good, and the rest shewing great skill and smartness of execution.

In the same way, however, that it has been supposed that no man could be a great poet unless he wrote a very big poem, the tradition is kept up among the painters, and we have here a vast number of large canvasses, with figures of the proper heroic length and nakedness. The Anti-classicists did not arise in France until about 1827, and, in consequence, there are at the Luxembourg plenty of specimens of the old classical faith in full vigour. There is Brutus, having chopped his son's head off, with all the agony of a father,—and then calling for number two—there is Æneas carrying off old Anchises—there are Paris and Venus, as naked as two Hottentots, and many more such choice subjects from Lempriere.

But the chief samples of the sublime are in the way of murders, with which the catalogue swarms. Here are a few specimens:—

7. Beaume, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur.—The Grand Dauphin—*ess* dying.

18. Blondel, Chevalier de la Lu.—Zenobia found dead.

36. Debay, Chevalier.—The Death of Lucretia.

38. Depunne.—The Death of Hector.

34. Court, Chevalier de La L.—The Death of Cæsar.

39. 40. 41. Delacroix, Chevalier.—Dante and Virgil in the Infernal Lake.—The Massacre of Scio.—Medea going to Murder her Children.

43. 44. Delaroche Chevalier.—Joas taken from among the Dead.—The Death of Queen Elizabeth.

45.—Edward V. and his Brother (preparing for death).

50. Hecuba going to be sacrificed.—Drolling, Chevalier.

51. Dubois.—Young Clovis found dead.

56. Henry, Chevalier.—The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

75. Guerin, Chevalier.—Cain after the Death of Abel.

83. Jaquand.—Death of Adelaide de Comminge.

88. The Death of Euclamydas.

93. The Death of Hymetho.

103. The Death of Philip of Austria.

and so on. You see what woful subjects they take, and how profusely they are decorated with Knighthood. They are like the Black Brunswickers, these painters, and ought to be called Chevaliers de la Mort. I don't know why the merriest people in the world should please themselves with such grim representations and varieties of murder, or why murder itself should be considered so eminently sublime and poetical. It is good at the end of a tragedy, but then it is good because it is the end, and because by the events foregone, the mind is prepared for it—but these men will have nothing but fifth acts, and seem to skip as unworthy, all the circumstances leading to them. This, however, is part of the scheme, the bloated, unnatural, stilted, spouting, sham sublime that

our teachers have believed, and tried to pass off as real, and which your humble servant, and other Anti-humbuggists, should lustily, according to the strength that is in them, endeavour to pull down. What, for instance, could Monsieur Lafond care about the death of Eudamydas? What was Hecuba to the Chevalier Drolling or Chevalier Drolling to Hecuba? I would lay a wager that neither of them ever conjugated *τερω* and that their school learning carried them not as far as the letter, but only to the game of law. How were they to be inspired by such subjects? from having seen Talma and Mademoiselle Georges flaunting in sham Greek costumes, and having read up the articles, Eudamydas, Hecuba, or the Mythological Dictionary: what a classicism inspired by rouge, gas, lamps, and a few lines in Lempriere, and copied half from ancient statues, and half from a naked guardsman, at one shilling and sixpence the hour!

Delacroix is a man of a very different genius, and his Medea is a genuine creation of a noble fancy,—for most of the others, Mrs. Brownrigg and her two female prentices would have done as well as the desperate Colchian with her *τεκνα φιλτρα*. M. Delacroix has produced a great number of rude, barbarous pictures, but there is the stamp of genius on all of them; the great poetical intention which is worth all your execution. Delaroche is another man of great merit, with not such a great heart perhaps as the other, but a fine and careful draughtsman, and an excellent arranger of his subject. The death of Elizabeth is a raw young performance seemingly, not at least to my taste: the *Enfants d'Edwards* is renowned over Europe, and has appeared in a hundred different ways in print. It is properly pathetic and gloomy, and merits fully its high reputation. This painter rejoices in such subjects—in what Lord Portsmouth used to call 'black jobs.' He has killed Charles I, and Lady Jane Grey—and the Duke of Guise, and I don't know whom besides. He is at present occupied with a vast work at the Beaux Arts, where the writer of this had the honour of seeing him—a little keen looking man some five feet in height; he wore on this important occasion a bandanna round his head, and was in the act of smoking a cigar.

Horace Vernet, whose beautiful daughter Delaroche married, is the king of French battle painters an amazingly rapid and dexterous draughtsman, who has Napoleon and all the campaigns by heart, and has painted the *général* Français under all sorts of attitudes. His pictures on such subjects are spirited, natural, and excellent, and he is so clever a man that all he does is good to a certain degree. His Judith is somewhat violent perhaps—his Rebecca most pleasing and not the less so for a little pretty affectation of attitude and needless singularity of costume. 'Raphael and Michael Angelo' is as clever a picture as can be—clever is just the word; the groups and drawing excellent, the colouring pleasantly bright and gaudy; and the students study it incessantly, then a dozen who copy it for one who copies Delacroix. His little scraps of wood-cuts in the new publisher's life of Napoleon, are perfect gems in their way, and the noble price paid for them not a penny more than he merits.

The picture by Court, of the death of Cæsar, is remarkable for effect, and excellent workmanship; and the head of Brutus (who looks like Armand Carrel) is full of energy. There are some beautiful heads of women, and some very good colour in the picture. Jacquand's Death of Adelaide de Comminge is neither more nor less than beautiful. Adelaide had, it appears, a lover who betook himself to a convent of Trappists, she followed him thither disguised, as a man, took the vows, and was not discovered by him, till on her death bed. The painter has told this story in a most pleasing and affecting manner;—the picture is full of *onction* and melancholy grace. The objects too are capitally represented, and the tone and colour very good. Decaisne's Guardian Angel is not so good in colour, but is equally beautiful in expression and grace. A little child and a nurse are asleep—an angel watches the infant. You see women look very wistfully at this sweet picture, and what triumph would a painter have more!

What more is to be observed concerning the Luxembourg shall be written in a succeeding letter, when I have a word or two to say about the Louvre.

T. T.

THE ENGLISH AND CHINESE.—The London Morning Herald contains a very sensible article on the prospect of a war with China in which the following just remarks occur.

How creditable to the political and moral character of Great Britain, in the nineteenth century, it will be, that the future historian should have to record a war waged by her in order to establish the right of violating the laws of another independent nation with impunity, and to secure to her smugglers a valuable interest in scattering *poison and death* among the subjects of a PRINCE who evinces an anxiety for the morals and health of his subjects, which our Government ought rather to imitate than punish.

To have an efficient naval force on the coast of China to protect our legitimate commerce is one thing; but it is something very different to send an armament to commit acts of aggression, because the Chinese EMPEROR vindicates the authority of the laws of his empire, in protecting his people from a moral plague—a plague that bears madness, crime, des-

titution, despair, and wide-wasting disease upon its wings—a plague that in time would darken the light of Paradise itself, and turn Eden into a wilderness.

CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY.

This Society celebrated the Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, on Monday last, it being its thirty fourth annual meeting.

The day was unfavourable, but a large audience assembled at the Tabernacle. The ceremonies were introduced by the following ode, which was admirably sung to the tune of Old Hundred, by the New York Sacred Music Society.

BY WILLIAM C. FRYANT, ESQ:

Wild was the day, the wintry sea,
Moaned sadly on New England's strand
When first the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
In time, should gather round that day;
How love should keep their memory bright;
How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays, but greener still,
Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
With reverence when their names are breathed,

'Till where the sun, with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim Sires,
This hallowed day, like us, shall keep.

An appropriate prayer was then offered by the Rev. Joel Parker, which was succeeded by an ode, sung by the choir with thrilling effect; the instrumentation was uncommonly good.

The Oration was then pronounced, by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop of Boston, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The reputation of this gentleman had preceded him, and to say that he equalled our expectations, would do but very imperfect justice to his most beautiful and masterly performance. It has been our fortune to listen to occasional addresses of all descriptions, and we have not omitted the perusal of those of standard and noted excellence, but in very few instances have we received the high satisfaction and delight which were imparted by the glowing thoughts and impressive elocution of the Orator on this occasion.

He is a descendant of the Colonial Governor of the same name, who left the luxury of his home in England, and thought it no sacrifice to bid farewell to the land of his nativity, to secure in the untrodden wilds of the New World, "freedom to worship God." The Orator was endued with a full portion of the Pilgrim spirit; his researches into their history were profound; he developed the rich stores of his knowledge with the calmness of a philosopher, and the skill of a poet; fact, reflection, and fancy, were never more judiciously grouped.

The exordium was an original and fortunate illustration of rhetorical art. His embodiment of fact was so graceful, that dates and names and places were divested of all that savoured of common-place. This may be ascribed not so much to the art of the orator, as to the circumstance that his heart was full of the subject in all its details and all its romance, and he poured it out in gushes of natural and unaffected eloquence.

If the exordium was singular, not less so was the peroration: the former was embellished by reference to Shakespeare, and the latter, characterised by a happy, yet reverend appropriation and amplification of a passage from the Bible. A perfect transcript of the whole address would not impart to the reader an accurate idea of the performance; the pages would indeed sparkle with rich thought, brilliant illustration, and gorgeous diction, but the charm of voice and manner that gave to each sentence point and pathos, and which enchained the attention of a numerous auditory so long, would be wanting.

Next followed a Poem, by Andrew L. Stone, Esq. This was a neat and just tribute to the Pilgrims, in blank verse. We lost much of it, from the difficulty of hearing the poet. The Tabernacle is very large, and to be heard well, it is necessary that the articulation of the speaker should be very distinct, and his voice well thrown out. Those portions of the poem which we heard, were imaginative and appropriate.

The Grand Hallelujah Chorus having been sung, and a Benediction pronounced, the Society adjourned to the City Hotel, there to partake of "the clam and parched corn," (that veritable old-colony repast;) the *pâté* d'oie de Strasbourg, the venison, the canvas back, the exquisite Charlotte Russe, the honest Indian pudding, a great variety of excellent wines, and the other "creature comforts" which were prepared by the accomplished conductors of that establishment.

Joseph Hoxie, Esq. President of the Society, presided. Addresses and sentiments were made and offered by the Orator and Poet of the day, the

Presidents of the Societies of St. Nicholas, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and of the German and French Benevolent Societies, and by many other guests present.

An ode written by Rufus Dawes, Esq. was sung at the table at an early hour, by the company; songs and glees by Messrs. Horn, Brighan, Knight, Otis, and others, together with the assistance of the gentlemen glee-singers from Boston, contributed to the pleasure of the evening, and prolonged its rational festivities until the "high moon" of night.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—This important State paper reached our city by the regular mail on Wednesday night. Early on Thursday morning it appeared in "Extra" form, from the different offices of the daily press, and was soon in the hands of almost every individual in the city. It is a calm, scholar-like and ambitiously written document, recommending, with much zeal and earnestness, the leading measures of the administration, and affording a satisfactory summary of our foreign relations and the state of the revenue. We most cheerfully leave the discussion of its merits and demerits in the hands of those whose daily duty it is to extol or censure the measures therein proposed.

MR. WEBSTER'S LETTER TO THE BARINGS.

This conclusive and dignified letter has no doubt been read with satisfaction by the great majority of the American public. The subject matter, however, is so foreign to the character of our sheet, that we do not allude to it with any intention of discussing the topics thereof, but merely to notice the illiberal and discourteous tone assumed by the London press generally on its appearance in the English papers. The conductors of those papers referring to it—for but a few condescend to do more than refer to it, or extract from it—seem to prick up their ears in sheer astonishment that any American should have dared to expound to English comprehension any subject within the scope of the human mind. The reader would suppose that these learned gentlemen were so perfectly familiar with the legal and constitutional powers of the American States, and so much better able to make a clear exposition of those powers than Mr. Webster, that carrying coals to Newcastle was a wise enterprise, in comparison to his attempt to shed some light on a subject so perfectly understood by the English public generally, and themselves in particular. A London Morning paper says:—"In fact the opinion is clothed with such a mass of United States conventional extraneous verbiage, that many old gentlemen, with double-power spectacles, will scarcely know where to prick for the opinion;" and concludes with the following liberal and sensible remark:—"To the last line no opinion is to be discovered worth the usual gratuity that a junior chamber counsel's clerk would receive from the solicitor, on returning the concise and pithy opinion of an English barrister on commercial law."

Another daily paper says, "that Mr. Webster, in common with most transatlantic Statesmen, appears to regard brevity in either speaking or writing with little favour," and therefore "it cannot find room for the entire letter in its columns." Another calls it "nothing more than a little American bombast," and so on to the end of the chapter.

All this is very courteous and terribly severe, no doubt, and since these modest gentlemen have stamped the production with the seal of their disapprobation, no more must be thought or said on the subject. We admit that when one of the real Jonny Bulls has "said it"—it is all over with the rest of the world,—doom has been pronounced—there is no appeal. "Mr. Webster may be a clever United States Lawyer," but he should not open his mouth before the wisdom of England. There he is a mere rush-light, struggling to throw a ray of intelligence on a subject that the English bar most fully comprehend and can most satisfactorily expound.

The flippant tone, and the utter conceit and assumption of these off-hand denouncers of a calmly expressed opinion of a most enlightened Statesman, and one of the soundest lawyers in Christendom, are truly characteristic of a Cockney's estimation of any production that does not emanate from Cockney brains. That the refined and educated class of Englishmen do not participate with these writers in their estimation of Mr. Webster's talents, is quite notorious, and we fancy these pitiless peltings of paper bullets will make but small impression. Be that as it may, however, we hope that Americans will survive the shock of such a depreciating estimate of their honoured countryman, and would fain believe that Mr. Webster was enabled to pursue the even tenor of his way, although denounced and scoffed at by these learned pundits of the London press, whose knowledge of law enables them to pen a most choice police report, but whose estimate of the value of a legal opinion on American subjects, is worth about as much as their opinion would be, of the music sung by the Angels of Heaven.

M. ALEXANDRE VATTÉMARE'S PETITION.—This extraordinary man, since his arrival in this country, has set on foot a plan whereby literature and the arts and sciences will be greatly benefitted. The system he pro-

poses consists in a mutual transfer between governments and literary institutions of books, national productions, and works of art. Most literary and scientific establishments possess vast numbers of duplicates, which are quite lost to the world in their present situation, but by this system of interchange would greatly enrich libraries—museums, and collections of art throughout the civilised world. For the complete fulfilment of his plan a memorial has been prepared petitioning Congress to take the subject into consideration, and we are pleased to see that the memorial has already received the signatures of many of our most intelligent citizens. No nation on earth would more profit by this scheme than the United States, and most fortunately we possess so many natural curiosities that the exchanges can be made with evident advantage to the older countries of Europe. M. Vattémare has our most sincere good wishes for his success.

NEW YEAR GIFTS AND HOLYDAY TOKENS.—It is quite impossible to pass up or down Broadway and not be struck with the unprecedented display of beautiful articles got up expressly for this gift-giving season of the year. The Bookstores, we are proud to see, take the lead in the gorgeous display. Their windows are filled with books more splendidly bound than we recollect ever to have seen, and on examination we have found that this new and superb binding has not been thrown away on trashy productions. The works which the artist has encased with so much elegance—are generally standard productions—judiciously selected to become fitting tokens of regard between friends. We presume each bookstore has a most ample supply of these enticing luxuries, and we do not mean to be partial when we instance those we have gazed at with admiring wonder—Appleton's—Colman's—Linen & Fennel's—and Bradley's.

MR. A. D. PATERSON'S LECTURE'S AT THE MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.—In this age of theories, new philosophies, and wild speculation, it is quite acceptable to meet with a lecturer who is willing to devote his talents to the elucidation of a practical subject. On Monday, Mr. Paterson delivered his preliminary lecture on Grammar, tracing the origin, progress, and refinement of language. The well known scholarship and ability of the lecturer will give to his course peculiar attractions, and we are pleased to learn that he will continue to lecture on successive Monday evenings until the conclusion of his subject.

THE MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT LAMAR TO THE TEXAN CONGRESS.

While we were waiting impatiently for the pleasure of reading and descanting on the message from our own President, a gleam of political sunshine was cast upon us from the one-starred Republic, in the shape of a message from its chivalrous and noble minded Chief Magistrate. It is a document of some length, embracing a great variety of subjects interesting to those to whom it is addressed, and, though written in a somewhat florid style, is yet a clear and dignified exposition of the affairs of Texas.

The New Orleans Bulletin contains the following synopsis of that portion of the message which refers to Mexico and other foreign relations:—

This document, as could be expected, places that government in a very advantageous light to strangers; and while the President displays the political statesman, in presenting a favourable view of home affairs, he evinces much candour and decision in disclosing her relations with foreign powers, and an intimation of her future conduct towards the government of Mexico.

Honoured by the virtual acknowledgment of France of their separate, independent existence, he is assured that "England, and other nations of commercial distinction," will soon follow the example.

"With the United States," he says, "we remain upon the most amicable terms;" and compliments the "generous feelings" which animate the "chivalry of the land," in high praises.

In reference to their relations with Mexico, which forms far the most important part of the message, he commences by stating that he had despatched an agent in March last to the capital, to propose terms of peace, but the agent was not suffered to proceed beyond Vera Cruz; and says, he had no confidence that Santa Anna would redeem the pledges made while a prisoner in the Texas camp.

They have not been redeemed; and we think we are warranted from several parts of the Message, that it is the uncompromising intention of the President to recommence hostilities against that nation, as soon as the army and navy may become adequate to a successful undertaking. That preparation is already partially made—"Whilst we have every reason," says he "to be satisfied with our military operations, we also find in the report of the Secretary of the Navy much cause of congratulation. When the contracts for increasing the number of our vessels, which are now in progress, shall have been completed, we shall be in possession of a force fully adequate to all the exigencies of maritime defence."

From the annexed passage it may easily be perceived that "his voice," like Sempronius, "is still for war!"

He says he is opposed to the "protracted state of their differences with Mexico," and ardently desires to "bring them to a close, even should a further resort to the sword be necessary!" From a disposition adverse to

negotiation manifested by Mexico, he says, "still I cannot perceive in the conduct of that government any thing which would justify in us the slightest relaxation in the preparations necessary to extort from it a peace, which their own sense of justice will not voluntarily accord"—that "it will continue to be my policy to place the country in that position which will enable it to meet with confidence, any crisis which may arise." In speaking of national finance, he says, "we shall have an expensive navy to support, or resign the Gulf; a line of military posts to maintain, or abandon the frontier; and a general preparation to make for the settlement of our national quarrels; or discard for once, and forever, all pretensions to ultimate coercion."

Regarding the honour of his country, he speaks in strong and emphatic terms against the "iniquities" practised upon the refugees from foreign justice. "For the Congress of a young republic," says he, "proud of its chivalry, and courting confidence of other nations, to do aught that might legalize these iniquities, or to refuse to adopt any measure to bring them to light, would, I fear, have a tendency to strengthen those unfounded prejudices, already too inveterate, which many people abroad entertain against our national character." This part of the message exhibits a moral and honourable bearing, highly becoming the chief magistrate of a nation.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

Madame Celeste has been the main support of the attractions during the week, and has performed her round of characters with her accustomed ability. She is indeed a nonesuch in her peculiar line, and so she seems to be appreciated by those who nightly witness her magical performances.

On Thursday evening Mr. Ranger also appeared, in the Romantic Widow. It will be recollected that this gentleman made a very decided impression at the Park some months since in a series of characters that were both novel and extremely interesting. He assumes the character of a high minded, noble hearted Frenchman, suffering some keen vicissitudes of life, and elevates the personation to that degree, that we not only sympathise with his desolation but respect the man. This is so totally different from the ludicrous being so frequently exhibited as a true portraiture of the French character, that it becomes in the hands of Mr. Ranger deeply pathetic, and evinces nice discrimination and masterly powers in the actor. We learn that Mr. R. has in preparation a new and forcible comedy, which he will shortly produce, it having already met the approval of the management of the Park.

THE CHATHAM.

Mr. James Wallack, with a portion of the National company, has been carrying on the war most successfully at this house during the week. Mr. Wallack certainly never looked better, and we doubt not has seldom played better, than during his engagement at the Chatham. The spirit with which he assumes and performs those brilliant characters in which he has won applause from the largest and most refined audiences in London, indicates great firmness of purpose and an indomitable zeal in the resuscitation of his fortunes, under circumstances that would deprive most men of the moral courage necessary to make the attempt. One must necessarily respect the man who can thus rise superior to his misfortunes, and command success by his own unaided exertions to deserve it.

THE BOWERY.

Mr. Kean continues at this house, and has been playing to some very large audiences, though sometimes the houses have been rather shy. He seems to play with his usual elegance and force, yet we learn that he still complains of his throat, and has a huskiness of voice by no means natural. A winter's sojourn in a warm climate would probably eradicate this distressing complaint.

COPYRIGHT LAW OF ENGLAND.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION IN THE VICE CHANCELLOR'S COURT.

The following report will be found interesting, especially by those of our readers who share with us in our solicitude for the establishment of an international Copyright Law. This subject is daily becoming more important, and its consideration is employing the minds of some of the most distinguished Jurists both in England and America:

BENTLEY V. FOSTER AND OTHERS.

This was an application to the court to dissolve an *ex parte* injunction which had been obtained by the plaintiff during the vacation, restraining the defendants, who are booksellers and publishers, from printing, publishing, or selling for the future, any copy or copies of a periodical publication called "The Novelist," containing therein any portions or extracts from a work entitled "The Headsman," by James Fenimore Cooper, to the property in the copyright of which latter book the plaintiff claimed to be entitled under an agreement entered into between him and Mr. Cooper, upon the 25th of July, 1833, for an assignment to the plaintiff of the exclusive right of printing and publishing the said work within the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The statements made by the plaintiff in his bill, and upon which the *ex parte* injunction had been obtained, appear to be these:—

On the 25th of July, 1833, and agreement was entered into between the plaintiff and Mr. Cooper for the sale, by the latter gentleman of the copyright in the work called "The Headsman" to the plaintiff, as regarded the exclusive right of printing and publishing the work in Great Britain and Ireland. The sum paid to Mr. Cooper for the assignment of his copy right to the plaintiff was £700, and it was stipulated between the parties that the work should be published simultaneously in England, France, and America, on the 12th of September, 1833. The plaintiff then by his bill alleged that the defendants had, without the consent of the plaintiff, or any show of right on their part, published lately from time to time, in their periodical publication entitled "The Novelist," portions of the plaintiff's work, and they had advertised their intention to publish at future periods further extracts from "The Headsman" in their work. The grounds upon which the defendants now sought to have this *ex parte* injunction dissolved, are these:—

They allege that Mr. Cooper was a foreigner, being a citizen of the United States of America, permanently domiciled in his own country, and that the work which the plaintiff now claimed to be his exclusive property in Great Britain and Ireland by an agreement for an assignment executed by Mr. Cooper for a consideration of £700, was a work which had been composed in America, and printed and published in that country some time ago; but whether or not before the 25th July, 1833, they (the defendants) had no means of knowing. The defendants, under those circumstances, submitted that Mr. Cooper, being a permanently domiciled American citizen, and having composed his work, "The Headsman," in his own country, he had no such copyright in England as could be assigned to the plaintiff, and which could be protected by the provisions of the Copyright Act of this country; besides, the work has not been entered at Stationers' Hall, according to the requisitions of the copyright laws of England, even supposing that the work had been published simultaneously in America, France, and England.

The Vice-Chancellor said he thought the question to be here decided, was one purely of a legal nature. He thought the case was one altogether fit to be sent for the opinion of a court of law.

Mr. Wigram (with whom was Mr. K. Parker), counsel for the defendants, said that there was no objection to sending the case to a court of law, provided the defendants were allowed in the interim to continue the publication of their work, they undertaking to keep an account of the sale in the mean time.

Mr. K. Bruce, on behalf of the plaintiff, refused to permit the injunction to be dissolved in the meantime.

Mr. Wigram said that he thought he could show grounds why the court should dissolve the injunction upon the present motion. The defendant's work, as far as regarded the question of injury to the plaintiff's interests by its publication, was read by a far different class of persons than that class who would be disposed to purchase the entire work. The two points upon which the defendants relied to dissolve this injunction were—first, that the plaintiff's work had not been entered at Stationers' Hall, according to the provisions of the copyright law of this country; and, secondly, Mr. Cooper being an American citizen, domiciled permanently in his own country, and having composed the book in question in his own country, he had no copyright in that work which he could legally assign in this country under the protection given by the Copyright Acts of England, which were only intended to extend to the protection of authors, either English or foreign, whose works had been composed and written in this country. The learned counsel then brought under the attention of the court all the Copyright Acts of this country, and commented upon them *seriatim*, with a view of showing that from all these enactments it was clearly demonstrable that the intention of the legislature all through was to give protection alone to authors, whether English or foreign, who were domiciled in this country, and whose works were composed, written, and first published in this country. That such was the proper construction of those acts appeared from the enacting of the late act, the International Copyright Act, the 1st and 2d of Vict. I. cap. 56, which act would not have been at all requisite had the works of foreigners, composed and written in their own countries, a claim for protection under the former copyright laws of this country when published in England.

Mr. K. Bruce (with whom was Mr. Jacob), for the plaintiff, contended that in the first place it was not shown by the defendants that Mr. Cooper was a foreigner, although it was generally supposed he was an American. For what the court judicially knew of the matter Mr. Cooper might have been born in Jamaica or in this country. Then again the defendants had made no affidavit to inform the court of a most material point for their case in defence—namely, that "The Headsman" was published in America before it was brought out in England. The plaintiff by his affidavit, on the contrary, had told the court that the work by the stipulations of the agreement between him and Mr. Cooper was intended to be published simultaneously in America, France, and England, on the 12th of September, 1833, and the defendants had brought forward no evidence to show that such was not the fact. The court was now fully aware that of late years the almost universal practice among authors was to publish their works simultaneously in different countries; and the court would not in this case presume, without evidence to the contrary, that that practice, which was stipulated for in this instance, had been relinquished. If the court was to adopt the construction put upon the Copyright Acts of this country by the defendants' counsel the greatest alarm would be excited in the minds of foreign authors, and dissociate the intellectual portion of this country from those of France, America, and other foreign countries, to an extent that might prove greatly injurious to the interests of Great Britain. He believed that it had always been the policy of the laws of England to afford similar protection to alien friends in relation to works of science, arts, and literature, as was extended to British-born subjects, provided their works were first produced in this country. That production could not be wrested from them without a special enactment for that purpose. Under all the circumstances, both as regarded the facts and the law of this case, he submitted that a clear case had been made out by

the plaintiff for the continuance of the injunction, and that the defendants had in no way brought forward a single fact or argument to displace the plaintiff from those legal rights which had been conferred upon him by the assignment by Mr. Cooper of the copyright in "The Headman."

Mr. Jacob followed on the same side.

Mr. Wigram having replied,

The Vice-Chancellor said the only question he had now to decide was, what was to be done with the present injunction. If the defendants desired it, the court would direct an action at law to decide as to the *quantum* of injury the plaintiff had sustained by the publication of the defendant's work, or the court would direct a case for the opinion of a court of law upon the legal question now raised in the case. His Honour thought it would be best, if it could be done, to have the case as it now stood tried in a court of law, as to the legal point, for he was not persuaded from the arguments which had been urged to the court upon behalf of the defendants that there had been no invasion of the plaintiff's legal rights.

Mr. Wigram asked if his honour thought that a work which had been written by a foreigner in his own country was sufficient to give him legal rights of property in that work in this country so as to entitle him to the continuance of this injunction.

The Vice Chancellor said he really did think it did so. It seemed to him that protection by the law of copyright of this country was given to a work first published in this country whether or not that work was written abroad by a foreigner or not. He was of opinion that if a foreigner, an alien friend wrote a work, whether abroad or in this country, and gave the public in this country the advantage of his learning and knowledge by first publishing that work in this country, he was entitled to the protection of the copyright laws of this country. He should, therefore, continue the injunction, and the defendants might bring such action at law as they should be advised to try the legal point.

THE BEST AND EASIEST WAY TO WIN A BATTLE.—"Diable!" once exclaimed a French general in the heat of an engagement, "what can yonder English Blockheads be thinking about to keep fighting on at this furious rate when they are as fairly beaten as ever was an army in the world? *Sacre Dieu!* Let somebody shout and tell them so, or they will be obstinate to win the battle at last!" This is precisely the case with our whig ministers. They have executed such clever manoeuvres that, according to their composition, the Tories were beaten long ago; but apprehensive lest, from an utter unconsciousness of their defeat, they should perversely continue the battle until they won it against all rule and reason, they order their mouth-pieces (the *Chronicle* and *Globe*) to shout—"What the devil do you keep firing away for at this rate when you know that we have drubbed you—that you are all in confusion—that your ranks are broken—that in a few minutes your troops will run from their leader or your leader from his troops, one or the other; and that you ought to have left us in quiet possession of the field long ago!" The Frenchman was well thrashed in spite of his tricks and his tactics; and so will the whig ministry be. "It seems to us," says the *Globe*, looking through its own party-coloured spectacles, "that our quarrels are rapidly healing, while the dissensions of the Tories are daily increasing." Aye to be sure—the whig squad are getting into order while the Tory phalanx are all sixes and sevens. Ding that into our ears, and make us believe it, and the day is your own, and very cleverly too; for the best and easiest way to win a battle (though it has been shown to be not quite original), is to persuade your enemy, as soon as you begin to be out of breath, that he has lost it—that is, if you can.—*Tory Paper.*

STEAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND INDIA.

This subject is variously treated by the English press. A leading morning paper thus alludes to it:—

The vast importance of speedy communication with our Indian dominions, with China, and with the more distant parts of Asia, becomes more obvious every day. To no more magnificent object can the almost inexhaustible resources of steam power be applied. In India, we possess territories of almost boundless extent—the climate fine beyond parallel elsewhere—the soil of immeasurable fertility—the population peaceful, ingenious, and susceptible of improvement to an almost indefinite extent.—Our power in India has long been regarded as a social and political wonder; but no observer can fail to perceive that other arts than those that have, hitherto been employed, are now required to maintain and consolidate our oriental influence. The eyes of Russia have long been fixed on the Asiatic possessions of England; and the emissaries of Russia have been, for years, bustled in stirring up, throughout India, feelings of disaffection towards the supremacy of this country. The false policy pursued by the East India Company has favoured the worst designs of our enemies. The natives of India have been overtaxed, and oppressed in an infinite variety of ways. The capabilities of India, as a producing country, and as a mart for our manufactured commodities have been utterly neglected. No attempt moreover, has been made to develop the moral and intellectual capacities of our East Indian fellow-subjects. The misgovernment, in short, of a century is now bearing its natural fruit; and greatly increased vigilance, together with the adoption of sounder principles of colonial government, will be required, in order to preserve to England, colonies, the loss of which could never be repaired.

Every process which, virtually brings India nearer to England is, therefore, of incalculable importance to the English Government.

To manufacturers, languishing for markets for their goods, the countless millions of Indian consumers offer the strongest possible inducements for desiring to facilitate the means of communication with our eastern colonies.

To capitalists, who want a productive sphere of operation for their wealth, India offers a boundless field. Residents in India—travellers for amusement:—all these various classes have a deep interest in the

adoption of "a comprehensive system of steam communication with India."

This great question has been brought before the public by Mr. Curtis, Director of the Bank of England, and by Captain James Barber. The statements of these gentlemen are lucid and irresistible. They state with admirable force the manifold advantages of the plan of communication with India by the way of Suez; and they point out the nature of the obstacles which oppose the adoption of that plan.

The opposing power is the East India Company. There,—in Leadenhall-street—resistance to the plan begins and ends. The British Government approves of the scheme; the Indian Government looks forward to its adoption with eagerness. The British residents in India, and the high-caste natives, long to see the great principles on which the plan rests brought into operation. It only remains for the English public to pronounce its *will* in this matter; and the East India Company must withdraw its then unavailing opposition.

BROUGHAM AND BENTHAM.

An extract from "A Newspaper Editor's Reminiscences," touching Bentham and Brougham will be interesting just now, when a recent hoax and accident have freshened public feeling upon whatever illustrates points of character in the latter living eccentricity:—

Bentham, like most kind-hearted men, was very sensitive. He forgave everybody who had offended him; but every offence was a proof of the injustice, of the ingratitude of the offender; and was, therefore, with his peculiar views of what man ought to be, a source of pain to his feelings.—I have seen the old gentleman affected almost to tears when he alluded to the unkindness of persons from whom he might fairly have expected different conduct; and not many months previously to his death, a circumstance occurred which if it did not hasten that event, was at least calculated to embitter his latter days. Among the few persons who were on terms of intimate acquaintance with Bentham that eccentric luminary, Brougham, held a high place. To such an extent had their intimacy proceeded, that Brougham was in the habit of calling Bentham his political father, whilst the latter addressed Brougham as son. Suddenly, however, the intimacy was destined to receive a shock, in the publication of a severe criticism in the *Edinburgh Review* of Bentham's utilitarianism. The old philosopher imagined that he traced the style of Brougham in the article; and indignant that the man who had so frequently lauded his doctrines in their private circle should thus attack them in print, he wrote to Brougham desiring him to avow or disavow the article. Brougham immediately disavowed it in a long letter, which Bentham read to me, and in which Brougham stated that the publication had given him much pain. In this letter he entreated Bentham to allow him to plead his defence in person, and for that purpose to fix a day on which he might dine with him. Bentham replied to the letter with an expression of the delight which the disavowal had given him, and a desire that Brougham would fix his own day. This was accordingly done; but on the day fixed by Brougham himself he was made Lord Chancellor. There are some men in the world who, even under such circumstances, would have fulfilled the engagement, or, at least, have written to mention the impossibility of keeping it; but, on this occasion, there was neither one nor the other. That Bentham felt a little sore is probable; but, if so, he kept his mortification to himself, and would not admit that he thought he was of sufficient importance to attract to his table a new Lord Chancellor on the very day of his appointment. Days and weeks, however, passed over without anything in the shape of an apology, or the slightest notice by the Chancellor. This was vexatious enough, but still the old philosopher uttered no complaint. It was only when the Chancellor, in one of his fits of exuberance, uttered in public a severe philippic on the doctrine of Bentham that the old gentleman acknowledged that the conduct of the Chancellor had inflicted pain. When he alluded to this indignity the tears chased each other down his venerable cheeks; and subsequently the name of the offender was sufficient to create a violent agitation. I am willing to believe that if Lord Brougham had given himself time for reflection he would have acted differently; for no man of feeling who knew Bentham could have acted in this way deliberately. Even those who disapproved of his theories could not but respect the amiable motives which gave them birth; for, of all enthusiasts and visionaries, Bentham was the most amiable.

Some phrenologists contend that the casts which have been taken of the heads of celebrated lawyers show a lamentable deficiency in the organ of conscientiousness; and are of opinion that Lord Brougham, aware of this fact, has, from that consideration alone, refused to allow a cast of his head to be taken, although he has openly, in the patronage of Mr. Simpson and others, who are attempting to introduce a system of public education on phrenological principles, shown that he is a partizan of the doctrine. I do not know whether it be true that the nature of the education and pursuits of the lawyer has a tendency to check the development of the organ called conscientiousness, or that the head of Lord Brougham is, in this respect, deficient in the external sign; neither do I know whether, in his general conduct as a man, there may be any ground for supposing that he is deficient of conscientiousness; but I am quite sure that, if there be any truth in phrenology, he must have the organ of caution (the phrenologists have another word for it that is less flattering) strongly developed. Whilst he was Lord Chancellor he was in the almost daily habit of communicating articles to a daily paper, but with a degree of caution which few men would have imagined. Not a line of his writing came before the compositors, or even the editor. His communications were made by letter to his brother, by whom they were read to the editor, who wrote as Mr. Brougham read; and, in this way, the leading articles appeared, without its being possible even to prove that they came from Lord Brougham's pen. On one occasion, when an article against the Whig Ministry had appeared in the *Times*, it was sent to Lord Brougham, who was then sitting at Westminster in the Court of Chancery. The paper was folded in such a way that the article might meet the eye readily, and was handed up to the Chancellor. Sir Edward Sugden was pleading. The Chancellor laid the

paper before him, took his pen, and whilst the public and the bar imagined that he was taking notes of Sir Edward's speech, with whom, from time to time, he held a conversation on the points of his case, the answer was written. Less than a quarter of an hour sufficed for an article of about forty lines full of spirit. When it was done he made some excuse for quitting the bench for a few minutes, and went into his own room, when it was given to the editor to transcribe; for, although Lord Brougham could write, and write well for newspapers, no man was to be permitted to possess a proof that the articles came from him. I have heard of other instances of his caution in his relations with the newspaper press; but as they were not like those which I have given within my personal knowledge, I shall not repeat them here.

FINE ARTS.

A DESCRIPTION OF MR. LESLIE'S GREAT PICTURE.

The Holy Sacrament administered to her Majesty in Westminster Abbey.

We were yesterday favoured by Mr. Moon, the enterprising publisher of Threadneedle-street, with a private view of one of the most interesting pictures that has been produced in our time. It is the work of that distinguished artist C. R. Leslie, R. A., and was painted by him for the Queen, at her Majesty's express command, being the only record of the august ceremony of the coronation which it has pleased her Majesty to retain as her individual property. Confiding in the great talents of the artist, and desirous of perpetuating so memorable an event, her Majesty also commanded that all the personages who immediately assisted in the solemn scene in the chapel of Edward the Confessor, should severally sit to Mr. Leslie, in order that every facility might be afforded him for adding the fidelity of portraiture to a work possessing such high historical interest. As a proof that the royal command was most promptly and gladly obeyed, we may mention that his Grace the Duke of Wellington took the earliest opportunity of calling upon Mr. Leslie, and expressing his readiness to sit whenever it was thought by him to be most desirable, a favour the artist has acknowledged by the striking likeness of the duke which has been the result. Of this peculiar merit we shall however, have to speak hereafter, our business lying, in the first instance, with the subject and treatment of the picture. For the subject then, we may observe, that rarely has it fallen in the lot of a painter to be entrusted with the representation of an event of greater interest, whether considered in a national or devotional point of view. We see before us a young Queen, on whose brow the crown of one of the mightiest realms of earth has just been placed, and with it the manifold cares and responsibilities which hedge a Sovereign round; we see her in all the simplicity and grace of the tenderest youth, arrayed in the royal purple, and surrounded by the magnates of the land,—by those distinguished by the ties of blood; by valour, wisdom, and sage experience—by all the attributes of youth and beauty. In this condition, newly anointed the Sovereign of dominions on which the sun never sets, with the evidence of her power manifest in the history of those who stand beside her, she kneels humbly at the foot of the altar, acknowledging before her God that in his eyes she is but as one of his lowliest creatures, and receiving at the hands of his ordained minister that spiritual aid without which her own unassisted efforts are utterly impotent to sustain her in the high career to which she has been summoned. It is this impress of the sacred duties of sovereignty—combined with the tender age of the Sovereign—that most pervades and hallows the scene, rendering it an incentive to the exercise of the noblest feelings of our nature, counselling our imitation of the piety of which we are the witnesses, and stimulating our minds to devotion and loyalty. To have effected so much as this, is indeed, a high triumph of art; but, in the composition of his picture, Mr. Leslie has done more; all the adjuncts to the ceremony are perfect. The Queen, though naturally the principal object towards which our attention is attracted, is not isolated from the rest of the figures, all of which harmoniously combine, in furtherance of the general plan. The heads of the church, the officers of state, the ladies of the court, all shed the influence of their several spheres upon the scene, and render it at once the most solemn, the most gorgeous, and the most beautiful spectacle that imagination can devise. The order of the picture, to speak methodically, is this:—In front of the altar in the chapel of Edward the Confessor, her Majesty, wearing the Dalmatic robe as the only insignia of royalty, kneels to receive the holy communion from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Behind his grace appears the Rev. Lord John Thynne, bearing the cup, and on either side of the altar are placed Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, the hereditary lord high chamberlain, holding the crown, the Duke of Norfolk with his baton as earl marshal, and the Marquis of Conyngham with the wand of the lord chamberlain of the household. On the left of the archbishop is the Bishop of London; and close beside her Majesty, Lord Melbourne holds the sword of state. The Duke of Sutherland stands in the background, and the Duke of Wellington, in full uniform, one of the most conspicuous figures in the picture, is next to the Premier, in the quality of Lord High Constable of England. Occupying the foreground, but at a considerable distance from the Queen, appears the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Barmham, and a group of the loveliest creatures that ever lent their lineaments to the painter's easel, to confirm his brightest conceptions of maiden beauty. There are the train-bearers of the Queen,—the Ladies Caroline Lennox, Adelaide Paget, Fanny Cowper, Wilhelmina Stanhope, and Mary Grimston, all of them attired alike, and only distinguishable from each other by the loveliness which is peculiar to each. Beyond this bevy of fair maids are two pages, the young Marquess of Stafford and Lord Mountcharles. The occupants of the seats beyond the line of procession, towards the altar, comes next in review; of these the most prominent are her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, the Princess Hohenlohe, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, supported by their lords and ladies in waiting. Amongst the latter is the countenance of one whose melancholy celebrity at once fixes our attention. It is that of the late lamented Lady

Flora Hastings, whose portrait, the only one, we understand, for which she ever sat, imparts a painful degree of interest to this feature of the scene. A feeling also of regret impresses the beholder in looking upon the resemblance of the late Duke of Argyll, as much on account of his recent decease as from the consciousness that, before this picture shall have left the engraver's hands, other names will, in all probability, be added to the names of those who were. Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, Prince George of Cambridge, the Duke de Nemours, Prince Esterhazy, and other distinguished personages, fill up the picture, making no fewer than 39 distinct figures, whose portraits, we speak of them all, are as remarkable for fidelity and truthfulness of expression, as the general character of the picture is meritorious as a work of art of the highest order. We must conclude our observations by a few words on the engraving from this picture, which it is Mr. Moon's intention to prepare for the public, her Majesty having graciously allowed its removal from Windsor Castle for that purpose. This elaborate undertaking, as it may well be termed (the size of the proposed engraving being four feet by two, the largest scale ever attempted in this country), has been, at her Majesty's express desire, confided to the care of Mr. S. Cousins, A. R. A., who having just completed his labours on Landseer's splendid picture, "The Return from Hawking," has consented to devote himself, for two years and a half, to this great work, which we cannot but look upon as one of national importance. From the arrangements made by Mr. Moon, whose expenses we understand will exceed 6,000*l*, the services of Mr. Cousins have been further secured to the public by his undertaking to superintend the printing—thus guaranteeing the authenticity of every impression. Of the spirit and liberality which characterize Mr. Moon in this undertaking we cannot speak too highly; and we trust his reward will not be wanting, as well in the approbation as in the support of all to whom the fine arts are dear.

PERSONAL NEWS.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S ILLNESS.—A correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle gives the following detail of the circumstances of the Duke's indisposition.

Doubtless by this, all sorts of ill-founded rumours have reached the metropolis, relative to the Duke of Wellington's sudden indisposition. You will hear of the "Alarming Illness of the Duke," "Attack of Apoplexy," &c. &c. Believe in nothing of the sort. The facts are simply these: the day before yesterday the Duke took it into his head to "starve a slight cold," and tasted nothing of food the entire of Sunday. Pursuing the same system on Monday, and finding himself better, he mounted his horse to follow the hounds, and on returning to Walmer Castle after the day's sport, his Grace was so exhausted that he actually fainted from inanition, from want of food. By medical means he soon rallied. He bathed his feet, and retired to rest; and this morning desired to rise at his usual hour of six; but his medical adviser recommended his Grace to remain longer in bed. He did so, and fell into a sound sleep, and with the blessing of God, his Grace will be, by to-morrow, restored to his usual health.

Lord Brougham recently visited Covent-garden Theatre, when oddly enough part of the evening's performances chanced to be *Why did you Die?* and *Twice Killed*, with both of which his Lordship appeared to be particularly amused.

PROPOSITION TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A BALLOON.—Mr. Charles Green, the well known aeronaut, has been for some time making calculations for the construction of a balloon on a new principle, for the purpose of crossing the Atlantic, from New York to England. The machine is to be of gigantic dimensions, and its enterprising projector asserts that it could be as safely effected as the journey from London to Nassau in the great balloon the summer before last. Mr. Green says that, had it not been necessary to have the balloon in Paris by a specified time, he would have proceeded on to Turkey, for which he was in a direct line. When the machine came to the earth there was still gas enough in it when the ballast was discharged to have performed an unlimited voyage. Mr. Green is about to construct a balloon for a number of gentlemen to be used for purely scientific purposes.

THE COUNT D'ESPAGNE.—This unfortunate man, who has just expiated a life of crime by a most tragical death, was one of the most remarkable personages that have figured in the latter years of Spanish history. He was born in France, and accompanied his father into Spain, where he took service, and so distinguished himself during the war of independence that he obtained the rank of brigadier-general. He served under the immediate command of the Duke of Wellington, and was frequently noticed as an active and intelligent officer by that distinguished commander. Being a staunch royalist, he was one of the first persons to proclaim his enmity to the constitution; and after emigrating to France, he became a member of the celebrated Junta of the Faith, at the Seu d'Urgel. He was one of the most enterprising partisans of the royalist cause, and distinguished himself by his zeal, that he was chosen as an envoy to the Congress of Verona from the junta. He acquitted himself in his diplomatic task with a great share of ability. He next entered Catalonia with the army of the faith, and commanded a division under the orders of the Baron d'Erolles. When the French army entered Spain in 1823 he was attached to the personal staff of the Duke of Angouleme, and commanded a division of Guipuzcoans, at the head of which he entered Madrid. He was soon after appointed governor of Tarragona, and in 1825, so highly did he stand with Ferdinand VII., that, on the creation of the royal guard, he was appointed general-in-chief of the infantry. From thence he was promoted to the Captain-Generalship of Catalonia, which he held in concert with his command of the guards. At the same time he was created a grandee of Spain. His conduct in Catalonia reflects very little

credit on his character. He ruled with a rod of iron, and acquired the reputation of being the most sanguinary governor employed by Ferdinand. He was cordially hated by all ranks and classes, but he maintained so effective a system of espionage that he contrived to escape the different conspiracies formed against him, as well as to defy the more open hostility of his avowed enemies.

In 1833 he was deprived of his command and replaced, as captain-general, by Llander. The people of Barcelona, finding he was no longer in authority, attempted to assassinate him, but he was saved by the presence of mind of some officers of the royal guard belonging to the garrison, who escorted him to the citadel, and favored his escape during the night, to a vessel which carried him to Majorca. After a short residence in that island, he went to Genoa, from whence he passed into France, and on the breaking out of the Carlist war in Catalonia, he was arrested by the French government, as he avowed his intention of joining the insurgent party. He contrived, however, to make his escape in 1836, and crossed the frontier of Catalonia, in company with the Carlist chiefs Tristany and Muchecha. The very day, however, of his entrance he fell in with a party of French custom-house officers, and gave himself up to them. It was generally supposed that he did so of his own free will, as he became alarmed the moment he found himself in Catalonia, on recollecting how much he had at a former period provoked the enmity of the people. He contrived, however, to escape from the depot assigned to him, and to return once more into Spain, where we have seen him for the last three years making head successfully against the Christino government, and placing all Upper Catalonia under Carlist rule. His end is worthy of his life—a life of crime merits a death of violence.

MONEY SCHEMERS OUTWITTED.

An amusing story connected with the return of sovereigns from Paris to the Bank of England has, during the last few days, been current in London. The version that we have heard of the affair is, that the juvenile members of an old and wealthy capitalist establishment, being under the erroneous impression, shared by so many others, that the Bank would, as a consequence of the continued importation of grain, be compelled to have recourse to extraordinary measures, in order to avoid suspension of specie payments, shipped some time ago a million sterling in gold coin to the Continent, in the hope of a liberal offer for its restitution. With their cellars already so much exhausted, the Bank Directors were no doubt but ill prepared for the wholesale withdrawal of treasure, and the steps taken to arrest the drain were of too direct and decisive a character not to have operated with much severity on the commercial interest, but still matters did not become so hopeless as to induce them to encourage a repetition of the manoeuvre by making the looked for overtures to the exporting party. The million of gold was suffered to lie idle in the French capital, and day after day passed over without any intimation being made to its owners of things being in so desperate a state as to ensure them a handsome commission on its replacement in the bullion-office. To retain the million sterling at a sacrifice of 1000*l*. a week in interest was more than could be long endured. An allowance of at least five per cent. or fifty thousand pounds was, it is understood, at one time calculated upon for its surrender. The altered circumstances of the Bank showed, however, that the speculation could not but have an unsuccessful termination. The Directors have been receiving a good deal of specie from different quarters; and the grain importations being nearly or quite suspended, and more than covered by the exportation of manufactured and other goods, the issue of the crisis, though it may have been a severe one, is now beyond all doubt or apprehension, as, in fact it has been for some weeks past. The million sterling of sovereigns, out of which so fine a thing was intended to have been made, is accordingly finding its way back again. We may suppose it has been about three months absent. The interest of so long a period, with the addition of charges for shipping and insurance, cannot be short of twelve thousand pounds! and the most curious part of the matter is, that almost the whole of this considerable amount is so much gain to the proprietors of Bank Stock. We trust that these deep-laid money-making schemes, which are attended with such extensive mischief to the community, may always end with as little advantage to their projectors as this of the million of sovereigns appears to have done.

THE QUEEN AND HER BETROTHED.

It is formally announced by the Ministerial journals that the Marriage of the queen is to be celebrated in April next. The Consort selected for her Majesty is prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, a Prince so young (for he is the Queen's junior) that it would be absurd to say any thing of his personal character. We have heard, however, that he is an able and ingenious youth, and we earnestly hope that he will contribute to the happiness of the Princess who is to bring him so near to the most splendid and exalted throne of the world. It is, indeed, a promise of tranquillity and honour to the Sovereign's future life, and of benefit to her people, that she will have near her *one* faithful friend above the temptation of official salary, or the lure that influences needy dependents, who will tell her the truth; and, with the knowledge of character which a man must acquire, and which a husband will not fail to act upon, must purify "the private and social circle" of the Court. *One* such friend the Queen had at the commencement of her reign in her admirable mother—but we believe it to be certain that the influence of that excellent adviser, was early impaired by the arts of low agents, suborned by the Minister; the influence of a husband may be supposed to stand upon a firmer foundation, and sooner or later, if he prove a man of prudence and good feeling, it will be exercised for the honour of his wife and Queen, and for the good of her people. On the whole, therefore, the country, we think, has reason to rejoice in the prospect of the Queen's marriage; and while we adhere to the system of excluding the natives of Britain from all approach to the Throne—a system as impolitic in regard to the interests of the Royal Family as it is insulting to a nation possessed of an aristocracy, wealthier, more accomplished, more independent in spirit, and more highly descended, than

any Princes of the Continent, while, we say, this system is adhered to, probably no family of the Continent ought to be preferred in a Royal alliance to the family of Saxe Coburg.—*Standard*.

THE ENGLISH FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

"If anybody wishes to see the buxom, but housewifely, Farmer's Daughter, that is not afraid to do a 'hand's-char,' that can scour a pail, make a cheese, churn your butter—fresh as the day and golden as the crow-flower on the lea; can make the house look so clean and cheery that the very cat purrs on the hearth, and the goldfinch sings at the door-check the more blithely for it; can throw up a hay-cock, or go to market, as well as her grandmother did; why, there are plenty of such lasses yet, spite of all crinkum-crankums and fine-figuredness of modern fashion. Haven't you seen such, north and south? Haven't you met them on single horses, or on pillion, on market-days, in Devon and in Cornwall? Haven't you danced with them on Christmas-eves in Derbyshire or Durham?"

"There are some specimens of human nature, that not all the fashions or follies of any age can alter or make new-fashioned. They are born old-fashioned. They have an old head on young shoulders, and they can't help it if they would. You might as soon turn a wheelbarrow into a chariot, or an ass into an Arabian steed. There is Dolly Cowcabbage now, what can you make of her? Her father farms eighty acres, and milks half-a-dozen cows. He has nobody but her, and he has saved a pretty bit of money. Dolly knows of it, too. Her mother died when she was only about fourteen, and Dolly from that day began to be her father's little maid; left her play on the village-green, and village play-fellows, and began to look full of care. She began to reap, and wash, and cook, and milk, and make cheese. It is many a year since she has done all those things entirely for the house. Those who know her, say 'she has not thriven an inch in height' since that day, but she has grown in bulk. She is like a young oak that got a shock from a thunderbolt in its youth, or had its leading branch switched off by some Jerry Diddle or other as he went past to plough, and has ever since been stunted, and has run all into a stem. She is 'a little runting thing,' the farmers say: a little stout-built plodding woman, with a small round rosy face. She is generally to be seen in a linsey-wolsey petticoat, a short striped bed-gown or kirtle, and a greenish-brownish kerchief carefully placed on her bosom. She is scouring pails with a whisp of straw and wet sand, and rearing them on a stone bench, by the door, to dry and sweeten; or she is calling her cows up, by blowing on a long horn; or calling her father and the men to their meals, out of the distant fields, by knocking with a pebble on a pail bottom. She is coming out of the fold-yard with the milk-pail on her head, or she is seated by the clean hearth, busy with her needle, making a pillow-case to hold the feathers she has saved.

"Such is Dolly Cowcabbage. She has had offers: men know what's what, though it be in a homely guise; but she only gives a quiet smile, and always says 'no! I shall never marry while father lives.' Those who don't like 'sour grapes' begin now to say, 'Marry! no! Dolly 'ull never marry. There always was an old look about her; there's the old-maid written all over her—anybody may see that with half an eye: why, and she's thirty now, at least.' But Dolly knows what she knows. There is a homely, close, plodding sort of a chap, that lives not far off—Tim Whetstone. He farms his fifty acres of his own. He has nobody in the house with him but an old woman, his housekeeper, who is as deaf as a bolt, and, has a hundred and thirty guineas of old gold, wrapped in an old stocking and put into a dusty beehive that stands on her bed's head. Tim knows of that, too, though the old woman thinks nobody knows of it. She has neither kith nor kin, and when the lumbago twinges her as they sit by the fire, she often says, 'Tim, lad, I shall not trouble thee long, and then what two-three old traps I have 'ull be thine.' 'Tim is certain, before long, to find honey in the old hive; and he has been seen, sly as he is, more than once, coming over the fields in the dusk of the evening, in a very direct line towards old Farmer Cowcabbage's house. He says, that it was only to seek a lamb that he had missed. But when somebody asked him if it was the same lamb that he was looking after so earnestly in church last Sunday, Tim blushed, and said, 'All fools think other people like themselves,' and so went away. If the old woman should drop off, I should not be very much surprised to see these two farms thrown into one, and old Samuel Cowcabbage having a bed set up in the parlour at Tim's. In the meantime, Dolly goes to market with her maund of butter as regularly as Saturday comes. She makes eighteen ounces to the pound, and will have the topmost price. Beautiful cream cheeses, too, Dolly manufactures; and if any one attempts to banter her down in her price, Dolly is just as quiet, as firm, as smiling, and as ready with her—'No,' as she was to her sweethearts. If I were to prophesy it would be, that Dolly will marry and have half-a-dozen children yet, as sturdy and as plodding as Tim and herself: but there is no knowing. She tells Tim they are very well as they are—she can wait; and the truth of the matter is, they have kept company these ten years already."

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